

COMMENT OF  
THE DAY

Studios' Plight

MANY Hongkong people who have enjoyed the Mandarin dialogue productions of Hongkong film studios, to say nothing of millions of Chinese in Southeast Asia, will be alarmed at the news that the industry is faced with bankruptcy. The latest crisis may yet be a mortal blow and there is good reason for the anxiety with which the companies concerned look upon the new Formosa currency regulations.

To begin with a good Hongkong film earns up to about a third of its total income from Formosa, the rest coming from this Colony and Southeast Asia. The new Taipei law is said to require the purchase of a permit costing \$5 (Taiwan) for every US\$1 leaving the island. Which means that at the current rate of exchange for every HK dollar earned there and sent back to the Colony the film studios have to pay 39½ HK cents to the Taipei Treasury.

This is a severe impost. Even allowing for the argument that stringent measures are necessary to conserve exchange, this law must act unfairly on a wide range of legitimate remittances. Similar restrictions in Indonesia and indirect strictures in Japan have made serious inroads into their earnings, and the HK studios now make less than a third the number of films they did in their peak years, 1950-1952.

THE new Taipei law means that Formosa earnings would be cut by about two-fifths and total earnings roughly by two-fifths. Considering the costing system of Chinese film studios this loss would have serious effects. They work on a shoestring budget and the smallest slump in earnings assumes the proportions of a major crisis. That they have survived the vicissitudes of the last three years is credit to their determination and ingenuity as accountants and producers.

The dangerous implications cannot be underestimated. If the HK industry collapses, the vacuum can only be filled adequately by Mandarin films from Red China which have so plain an ideological twist that it could be missed only by a cynic. Formosa must be aware of the inherent dangers in this position. Some special dispensation ought to be made to help the HK studios. For it would be a calamity if they were forced to close down.

# HK Blamed For Delay In Release Of PoWs

## Mother's Fight For Son

### Danger Of Being Sent To Formosa

San Francisco, July 8. A woman sought an order here yesterday to prevent her son from being taken to Formosa by her former husband who she claimed was a "dare-devil" pilot whose duties included flying Nationalist guerrillas to Communist China.

The mother, Mrs. Natalie Watts Boyson, said her father, Mr. Harold Gill, was British vice-consul in Shanghai. Her complaint, filed in the domestic relations court here, said the boy's father, Mr. Roy Watts, was now married to a niece of General Chiang Kai-shek.

She said Mr. Watts has threatened to take the five-year-old boy, Gary, to Formosa by force. Mr. Watts was described as "a member of a group of adventurers and dare-devils whose concern for their own personal safety is subjugated to their desire for adventure, excitement and fabulously high pay."

He was said to be receiving pay of \$2,000 (£714) a month. Mrs. Boyson, who said she had been forced into an earlier joint custody agreement, was granted a temporary custody order. A temporary order preventing the boy from being taken outside California was granted pending a hearing for a permanent decision.—Reuter.

**Indecent Pictures Seized**  
Melbourne, July 8. Customs officers here disclosed today that they had seized quantities of indecent photographs and prints from Japanese freighters as part of their campaign to suppress the importation or sale of indecent photographs and literature.

An officer said the Customs also seized nearly 1,000 prints and more than 500 negatives from one German migrant. Other articles taken from migrants included pistols, knuckled-knives and whips.—China Mail Special.

## NO PERMITS RECEIVED SAYS PEKING

London, July 8. The departure of three American prisoners of war from the Korean War who renounced their earlier decision to stay in China has been "postponed" because they have not yet received "permits from the Hongkong authorities," the Communist New China News agency reported today.

The agency said the Americans—Lewis W. Griggs, William A. Cowart and Otho G. Bell—were "still waiting in Canton for permits to enter Hongkong."

The agency in an interview with the Red Cross Society of China said up to 6 p.m. today (Friday) no word has been received from the Hongkong authorities granting permission for the Americans to enter the colony "and consequently the departure of the three ex-UN soldiers had to be postponed."

## Austria To Get Back Oil Fields

Vienna, July 8. The Austrian government announced tonight that Austro-Soviet negotiations in Moscow for the return of Austrian oil fields controlled by the Russians had been completed.

An agreement would be signed next Monday. The negotiations also dealt with the handing back of former German assets in Austria seized by the Russians and the fixing of goods in which payment should be made for their return to an Austrian delegation which arrived in Moscow on June 1 to work out details following signing of the Austrian independence treaty in Vienna by the Big Four powers in May.

Agreement to hand back the oil fields, the former German assets and the Donbass Shipping Company's properties in Austria, was made in April when Chancellor Julius Raab, Vice-Chancellor Adolf Schaerf, and Foreign Minister Leopold Figl conferred with the Soviet government in Moscow.—Reuter.

## Napoleonic Law Broken

Le Havre, July 8. The public prosecutor here has sent back the 1954 birth registers to mayors of villages under his jurisdiction with a sharp reminder that they were breaking a Napoleonic law by authorising Christian names not chosen from the calendar or taken from the bible or ancient history.

The law has never been repealed but there was no greater rush to change names. Napoleon's Law provided no legal penalties.—China Mail Special.

The Americans were originally scheduled to arrive in Hongkong on Saturday.

The New China News Agency said the Chinese Red Cross yesterday cabled the Indian and British Red Cross Societies explaining to them the reason for the cancellation of the "scheduled date of the arrival of the three men at the border as originally proposed."

The agency said when the Chinese Red Cross learned from the Indian Red Cross that the United States authorities would permit the three Americans to return home it "contacted the office of the British Charge d'Affaires in Peking on July 1 to arrange for their transit through Hongkong."

After British officials in Peking expressed the belief that a reply from the Hongkong authorities could be had in a few days the Chinese Red Cross "made specific arrangements and scheduled to send them to the border on July 8. It also requested the Indian Red Cross to cable to ask the Chinese Red Cross Society in Hongkong to receive them at the border at the scheduled time."—Reuter.

## Britons To Pay More For Coal

London, July 8. The price of coal for domestic use in Britain will go up by 18 per cent on July 18. The Ministry of Fuel made its announcement on Friday as the sun was shining brightly and temperatures were climbing in the 70s. That's hot in England.

The average increase for house coal per ton will be 12/8d.

In London, new prices will range from £9-6-0 per ton for top grade coal to £5-12-0 for the lowest grade.—Associated Press.

## Anxiety Over Laos Fighting

### State Dept Awaits Further Reports

Washington, July 8. The State Department was today anxiously awaiting further reports of the scale of fighting in Laos as an indication whether the attackers were making a serious attempt against the Laotian Government.

A United States official, noting that reports had mentioned "massive" and "severe" fighting, said:

"These terms may be only relative to the size of the forces involved. But if the attacking Communist forces are in any way sizable, it may mean that a serious situation has arisen with the Vietnamese Communists from North Vietnam assisting the Communist Pathet Lao group in Laos in seizing control."

A formal report from Mr. Charles Yount, the United States Envoy to Laos, is expected to reach Washington from the Laotian capital of Vientiane later today.

**VULNERABLE**  
Laos is officially regarded here as one of the most vulnerable points to Communist penetration in the area covered by the eight-nation Southeast Asian Defence Treaty.

Informed sources said SEATO defence planners have recently devoted much time to planning for the possibility of Communist subversion in Laos. The Premier of Thailand, Field Marshal Phibul Songram, during his recent visit to Washington, estimated that if the Communists attempted further expansion in Southeast Asia, they would probably move against Laos.

First press reports said that upwards of three battalions of Communists had attacked in the province of Sam Neua, long dominated by the Pathet Lao. It was unofficially estimated here that the Laotian Government, led by Mr. Katha Sasorith, could field only about 25,000 fighting men and would be hard pressed if the well-trained Vietminh forces lent weight to the attack.

**SEASONED OFFICERS**  
Official intelligence reports from that area recently have said that seasoned Vietminh officers had been training and now probably commanded the Pathet Lao units.

Diplomatic sources here remembered that at the Afro-Asian conference at Bandung, the Vietminh Foreign Minister, Mr. Pham Van Dong, had given the Laotian representative assurances that the Vietminh would not interfere in Laos' internal affairs, in the Vietminh conceded to include the problem of the Pathet Lao group.

Further it was recalled under the Geneva armistice agreement ending the Indo-China war, the Vietminh recognised the Katha Government as the ruler of Laos. Therefore, observers here were inclined to believe that Vietminh would not openly, at this time, fling its armed weight into an effort to put the leader of the Pathet Lao, Prince Souphanna Phoum, into power in Vientiane.—China Mail Special.

## China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:  
P. 5: Flight To Glory, our new serial begins.  
P. 6: Gideon Goes To War, part three, by Leonard Mosley.  
P. 7: Did It Happen, by Ernest Dudley: Sherpa Tenzing's story of the ascent of Mount Everest.  
P. 8: Not all famous men are from Elton, by Jean Craigie.  
P. 9: Week-end Woman.  
P. 13: Sir Beverly Baxter's article.  
P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

## Einstein Peace Plan To Be Disclosed

London, July 9. A plan for peace sponsored by Dr. Albert Einstein just before his death last April will be revealed to the world here today.

Correspondents from many countries will crowd a public hall to hear the final views of the great scientist on the atom and hydrogen bombs.

Bertrand Russell, the 82-year-old British philosopher, has carefully chosen the moment for divulging the contents of the document—the eye of the crucial "big four" meeting at Geneva between Russia and the Western powers.

He will announce plans for using the statement, signed by Einstein and seven other scientists of international fame—as the foundation of a new peace formula.

**GREAT INTEREST**  
The world-wide interest aroused has been so great that the philosopher has been forced to hire a much bigger hall than the one originally booked.

Though contents of the statement are so far secret, it is likely its aim will be to impress on world politicians the view of the scientists that war can no longer be an instrument of policy.

The use of hydrogen bombs will be disastrous to all sides and can mean universal death for the human race.

**LIKELY PROPOSAL**  
One proposal for peace which Bertrand Russell will probably put forward is that two neutral nations such as India and Sweden should investigate and draw up a detailed report on the ruin which would be brought about by a third world war.

Copies of the report would be forwarded to all governments likely to be involved in a war and they should be invited to concur in its findings.

This plan is known to have been in the forefront of the philosopher's mind for the last year. He has been in touch with world scientists about it and also with the King of Sweden and the Prime Ministers of Sweden and India.—China Mail Special.

## Death Of Prominent HK Businessman

### MR. HOLGER DREYER

By the death in the early hours of this morning of Mr. Holger Dreyer, Hongkong lost an old and highly respected resident.

Mr. Dreyer passed away at the Matilda Hospital where he had been since July 1 following a serious accident at his home.

Mr. Dreyer, aged 88, and Managing Director of Dreyer and Company, was one of the leading members of the Danish community of Hongkong. Before coming to the Far East, Mr. Dreyer was an officer in the Royal Danish Guards.

He arrived in Hongkong in 1912 to join the firm of Skott and Co. He was in North China for a time and later joined Shewan, Tomes and Co., Ltd. In 1948 he founded his present firm in the Colony.

Mr. Dreyer was a keen sportsman, being an inter-club rower and yachtsman. He stroked the Royal Hongkong Yacht Club and the Victoria Recreation Club crews on several occasions.

Prior to the war he was a member in the 2nd Battery of the Hongkong Volunteer Defence Corps. He fought in the defence of Hongkong and during the war years was interned in Shanshuipo Camp.

In March, 1952, Mr. Dreyer had the unusual honour of being created a Knight of the Order of Dannebrog by His Majesty King Frederick of Denmark. Very few people outside military or civil service rank have received the Order, which dates back to the 12th century.

Mr. Dreyer is survived by two sons, one of whom is in Copenhagen and the other in Rio de Janeiro.

## Killers To Die

Washington, July 8. Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter refused today to stay the execution of three killers scheduled to die tomorrow night in the Sing Sing electric chair. Lawyers for the doomed trio said they have exhausted their possibilities here and are returning to New York to decide on their next move.

Justice Hugo L. Black had refused a stay earlier in the day. There are no other Supreme Court Justices in Washington at present.—United Press.

## Boy Meets Girl

Lahore, July 8. A centenarian in the little town of Shadival today married a man ten years her junior. Grandchildren and grand-in-laws attended the wedding. The bride—a widow for the last 50 years—was 100 years old while her much-married bridegroom—this is his fifth marriage—was 90.

A band attended the ceremony, and shops remained closed all day. The town celebrated the marriage, as well as its night Shadival in English means "renewing marriage".—France-Press.



MR. DREYER

## Woman Hatches Out Chickens

Pavia, Italy, July 8. A 38-year-old peasant woman today hatched out a nestful of chickens in her bed.

The woman, Angela Livizzi, distressed that the death of a hen should result in the loss of potential chickens, decided to hatch the eggs herself.

She placed them in the centre of her warm feather-bed and lay down beside them, careful not to crush them.

Angela stayed in bed with the eggs, hardly moving, for a week, then today, as she dozed, she heard familiar sounds and shortly afterwards a batch of sturdy chicks were hatching inside her.—France-Press.

## CASABLANCA INCIDENTS

Casablanca, July 8. Two persons were killed in a series of incidents in Casablanca today. An agricultural labourer, Si Ahmed Caid Madani, was shot dead in the new Medina. A bomb exploded under a trolley in the middle of the market at Adh this morning when one person was killed and several wounded. Early this afternoon, in the new Medina at Casablanca, a Moroccan challenged by the police attempted to flee. The police opened fire and the Moroccan was seriously injured. He was taken to hospital.—France-Press.

## Wines for the connoisseur...



## HARVEYS

OF BRISTOL  
THE SUPPLIERS OF THE FAMOUS SHERRIES  
"BRISTOL MILK," "BRISTOL DRY" AND  
"BRISTOL CREAM"  
Sole Agents:  
CALDBECK'S



SCHWEPPE RESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

## For Smoother Riding!

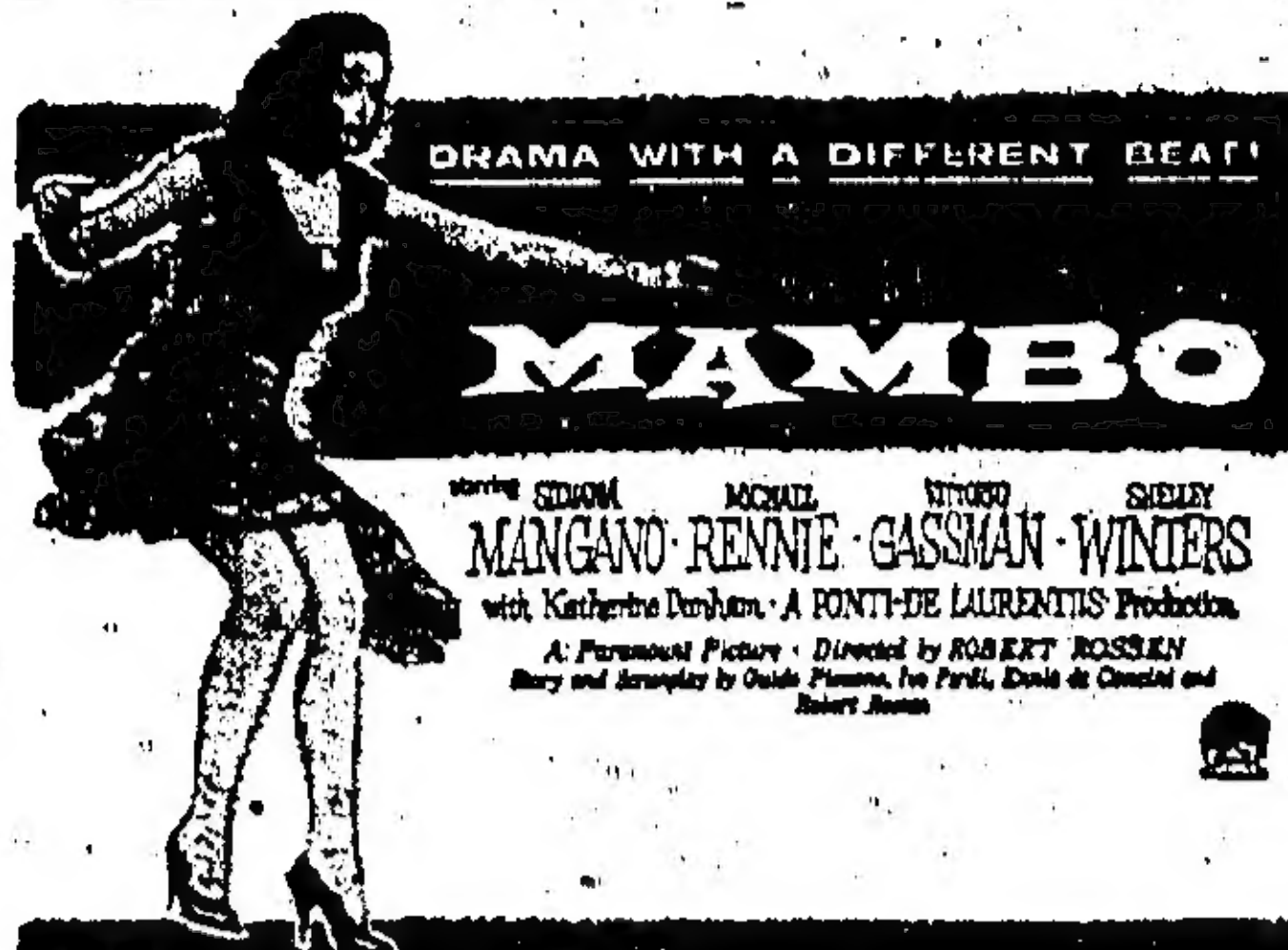




## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m. | AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

## 4 SHOWS TO-DAY



ADDED: LATEST BRITISH PARAMOUNT NEWS  
WIMBLEDON FINALS — HENLEY ROYAL REGATTA

## MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW

PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m. | EMPIRE at 11.00 a.m.

Walt Disney's  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
(12 Reels)

AT REDUCED PRICES

## KING'S

TO-MORROW  
AT 11.30 A.M.

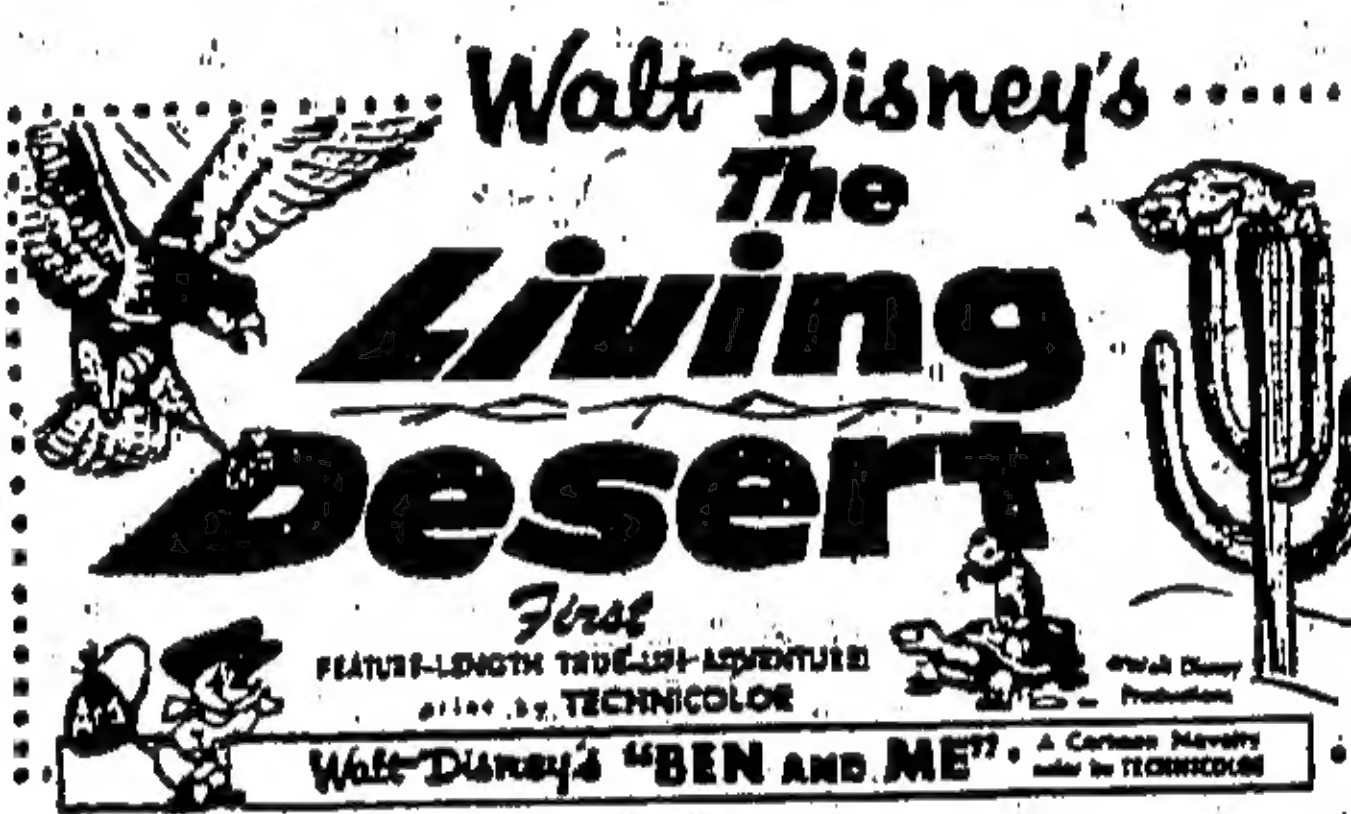
## A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE

BHAGWAN and BABURAO in an INDIAN MUSICAL

## "AFLATOON"

Admissions: \$1.50, \$2.40 & \$3.50

## ★ NEXT CHANGE ★



TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A LIFE & LOVE STORY OF A WORLD FAMOUS TENOR!

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA • ERMANNO RANDI



An Italian Film — English Version

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON

20th Century-Fox presents

MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts.



CAUSEWAY BAY TEL 72371 KOWLOON TEL 50385

2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

NOW PLAYING

M-G-M's POWERFUL STORY OF A TOUGH

COP AND A RED-LIPPED BLONDE!

Robert TAYLOR

James LEIGH

George RAFT

ROGUE COP

With Perspecta

Stereophonic Sound

BY SPECIAL REQUEST! ONE SHOW ONLY!!!

SUNDAY AT 12.00 NOON

Charles Dickens' "A TALE OF TWO CITIES"

Starring Ronald Colman — Elizabeth Allan

Admission Prices: \$3.50, \$2.40 and \$1.50

For Students: \$1.50 to any part of house

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## FILMS

Current & Coming  
BY JANE ROBERTS

## The New Films At A Glance

## SHOWING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Mambo". A slum girl from Venice finds ultimate happiness in a dancing career after two bad cases of heartbreak. Silvana Mangano, Vittorio Gassman, Shelley Winters and Michael Rennie. HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Rogue Cop". Gangsters bribe a policeman but get more than they bargained for. Robert Taylor, George Raft and Janet Leigh. LEE: "The Young Caruso". The early life and struggles of the famous tenor. Gina Lollobrigida and Ermanno Randi, with the voice of Mario del Monaco. NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "The Man Who Loved Redheads". An innocent husband who always falls for the same type of woman. John Justin, Moira Shearer and Roland Culver. QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "The Sea Chase". The fabulous voyage of a German ship on the run for 20,000 miles. John Wayne and Lana Turner. ROXY and BROADWAY: "Buffalo Bill". A western with Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West show as the climax. Joel McCrea, Maureen O'Hara and Linda Darnell.

## COMING

EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS: "The Living Desert". Walt Disney's carnival of animals and birds filmed in colour against beautiful scenery. HOOVER and LIBERTY: "Bear Brummel". The rise and fall of the Prince of Wales' favourite. Stewart Granger, Peter Ustinov and Elizabeth Taylor. LEE: "Wyoming Renegade". A western. Phil Carey and Martha Hyer. NEW YORK and GREAT WORLD: "Fort Vengeance". A western. James Craig, Keith Larsen and Rita Moreno. ROXY and BROADWAY: "Yolanda". A swashbuckler. Marc Lawrence and May Britt. Present day piracy filmed in Hongkong. Clark Gable and Susan Hayward.

George Raft is surprisingly good. I've never thought of much of him as an actor. In his "good" roles he was treacherous and in his "bad" he was a caricature of all the comic strip thugs put together.

## Man Who Tamed

## The Wild West

"Buffalo Bill" tells of the exploits of the famous William Cody, friend of the Red Indians and prime mover in the effort to bring peace to the Wild West.

Joel McCrea is Cody, Maureen O'Hara his wife, and Linda Darnell the Indian maiden who's usually around on these occasions to gaze suitably from her wigwam at the while man who regrettably rejects her.

These two stalwart character actors Thomas Mitchell and Edgar Buchanan are here to live up to the proceedings whenever they tend to lag.

## Retribution For The Rogue

The first thing that struck me about "Rogue Cop" was that of all the matinee idols of about 15 years ago, Robert Taylor has worn the best. Here is not a middle-aged man having the illusion of youth preserved for him by the make-up department, by the studio tailor or by dexterous manipulation of the camera. He may have lost some of the attractive glow of sheer youthfulness, but it has been replaced by the mature good looks and air of authority that have a much wider and long-lasting appeal.

He is not a sympathetic part in "Rogue Cop". For most of the picture he is one of these despicable creatures who play on both sides of the law. No fate is painful enough for a man who abuses his position as a policeman to feather his own nest and in spite of a change of heart brought about by his brother's murder, just retribution overtakes him in the end.

Racketeers and killers are Robert Taylor's constant companions and one quarrel I have with his characterisation is that he is not hard enough. Contral association with these tough hoodlums (and they are tough—no punches are pulled in depicting them) would have had a brutalising effect on him, even had the time spent in their company been of their choosing and not voluntarily his.

It is hardly logical then that he should give up the easy money without which he cannot live, make enemies of the gangsters whose methods he knows only too well, and give himself up to the police—all because his former friends have murdered his brother.

This brother, whose refusal to take the pay of the syndicate and disfigure his police badge, is played by Steve Forrest. He makes the young man quite a likable person, but hardly a worthy subject for several magazine articles I've seen recently, which hail him as a new star. There is not enough force to his personality, and even after having seen him in at least four films, I have, admittedly, not recognising his features each time.

Although many of the old clichés turn up, and even the plot is hardly new, "Rogue Cop", after getting off to a slow start, moves along at a pace which holds the interest, and the acting of Robert Taylor, Anne Francis and George Raft raise it above the run-of-the-mill cops and robbers film.

## John Wayne As Herr Kapitan

"The Sea Chase" was a most enthralling book describing the long 20,000-mile voyage of Captain Ehrlich and his crew from Sydney to the North Sea.

So gallant and courageous was the captain that in spite of the fact that he has passed doggedly the whole way by one or other ship of the Royal Navy (the events took place during the '39-'45 war and Ehrlich was German) one's entire sympathy was with him to the very end.

A film has been made of the book, with John Wayne as Captain Ehrlich and David Farrar as his pursuer. It's some time since I read it, but I vaguely remember a girl having been on the boat somewhere—a girl however, nothing like as gorgeous as Lana Turner.

With Miss Turner in the part, naturally the emphasis is placed less on the chase itself than on her relations with John Wayne and the rest of the crew, which includes Lyle Bettger, bad as usual, and Tom Hunter.

"The Sea Chase" is playing at the Queen's and Alhambra.

## A Weakness For Redheads

The trouble with "The Man Who Loved Redheads" is that, for the purposes of entertainment he loved too many.

Terence Rattigan might have been extremely witty, scripting for three, but too many variations on the same theme have exhausted the ideas of even this clever playwright.

The picture is based on the play "Who Is Sylvia?" which in spite of the title of the film is in reality an essay on constancy. Not the constancy that moves one man and one woman to stick together without deviation for the whole of their lives, but the constancy of a man to the type that, with minor alterations, will always attract him.

In this case, John Justin, a young Foreign Office official with a brilliant future predicted for him, discovers that his type is of the red-headed, lively, Moira Shearer variety.

"In spite of the eminently 'suitable' marriage he contracts with a lady we don't see until she has grown old and who, needless to say is not the Shearer type, he decides to make the best of two worlds and have the comfort of a home, a hostess and a son, while taking his more frivolous pleasures in a little flat with whose owner he has an arrangement.

The friend is Roland Culver and his asperity and earthy wisdom quite put to shame John Justin's sentimental vapourings. I found Justin rather a foppish character altogether. Far from being the gay philanderer with a twinkle in his eye and a penchant for pretty women, he seemed to be a hypocritical, weak character, too easily taken in by pretty face and inflated by self-delusion into thinking he was no end of a dashing fellow.

Moira Shearer brings a completely different approach to each of the many redheads she portrays in the film, but she is too pleasant and girl-next-doorish to produce much more than a small flame on the screen.

The biggest joke of all is given at the end of the film, to Gladys Cooper, but I won't anticipate it for you.

## Gina Lollobrigida AND Caruso

You should take a look at "The Young Caruso" if you enjoy hearing the voice of the well-known singer Mario del Monaco and like resting your eyes on the almost flawless features of lovely Gina Lollobrigida.

It is difficult for me to comment on the standard of acting, as all the cast is Italian, and while everyone with the exception of the serene Gina appears to find himself into the story with an exuberance and expressiveness that gives an air of liveliness to the production, my lack of Italian left me on the outside looking in, as it were.

Certainly there is dubbing, but I think the less said about it the better. The picture traces the life of the famous tenor from his very early boyhood in Naples to his triumph when, after many false starts and disappointments, he is accepted as the greatest tenor of his time.

It could not be called a lavish production and although there is realism and imagination in the photography, it is one picture in which one is consciously aware of the lack of colour. Filmed as it was mainly in Naples, it is frustrating to suspect, after all that has been written about it, that less than justice has been done to this lovely city.

I like Caruso as a little boy better than Ermanno Randi's portrayal of the adult singer. Even with the dubbing it was possible to feel the boy's passionate love of music and his equally deep love for his mother—a devotion so profound that he would not sing for many years after her death.

Caruso died of pleurisy in 1921, but happily the film does not follow him that far, being content to leave him at his moment of triumph. His love, played by Lollobrigida, had been forced by her father to marry someone else, but his compensation is in the social world of music-lovers all over the world.

## MAJESTIC

TO-DAY  
At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

From the files of the FBI

THE STREET WITH NO NAME

Directed by WILLIAM KEITEL

Produced by WILLIAM KEITEL

20

SUNDAY MORNING SHOW

AT 12.30 P.M.

"THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL"

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. | 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

JOHN WAYNE • LANA TURNER

"The Sea Chase"

PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

WARNERCOLOR CINEMASCOPE STEREOGRAPHIC SOUND

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOWS

QUEEN'S | ALHAMBRA

5 SHOWS

"THE SEA CHASE"

AT 11.30 A.M.

ALHAMBRA

AT 11.30 A.M. ONLY

WB's CinemaScope Hi!

"THE COMMAND"

with Guy Madison

REDUCED PRICES!

ROXY & BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE WILD WEST LIVES AGAIN IN THE LIFE OF ITS MOST

COLORFUL HERO!

JOEL MCCREA • O'HARA • DARNELL

"BUFFALO BILL"

TECHNICOLOR

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

ROXY: At 12.00 Noon

BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.

A SELECTED PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Presented by Paramount Pictures

Reduced Admission

Roxy: \$1.50, \$1.00 & 70 Cts. Broadway: \$1.20 & 70 Cts.

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## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## TWO AMAZING OPERATIONS

### DOG'S LUNG KEPT HIM ALIVE

Minneapolis.  
A dog's lung kept a 13-year-old boy alive while a University of Minnesota surgeon closed three small holes in his heart.

For 15 minutes he worked in the boy's "dry heart," while the dog's lung kept his blood supplied with oxygen.

The dramatic new technique, another "first" by university doctors in this type of operation, was revealed at a news conference.

The boy, Calvin Richmond of Pine Bluff, Ark., was operated on a few days ago. Now he is reported in "good condition."

Injured in a truck accident last August, Calvin had been given a year to live by University of Arkansas doctors unless the holes could be closed.

#### Dry Surgery

He was flown to the University of Minnesota last week because of the institution's success in "dry heart" surgery, first in a "deep freeze" technique and more recently in a revolutionary cross-circulation operation.

Until "dry surgery" was perfected, surgeons literally had to "work blind" in the heart, feeling their way. With the heart free of blood, they can see what they're doing.

The earlier "deep freeze" technique kept the heart dry only a few minutes.

#### Blueprint Of A Dream

### This Flying Saucer Was Real

New York.  
There weren't any creatures from Mars aboard as a miniature "flying saucer" rose from a cow pasture into the sky.

The saucer was real, too. But it was unpowered.

It soared quickly to 2,000 feet and cruised over some disinterested cattle. When the engine sputtered, the saucer floated back to earth where it was hastily covered from prying eyes by its inventors, Robert and Norman Day.

The flight was one of many the Day brothers have completed successfully with scale-model "saucers" at their secret testing grounds here. One day they hope to be aboard a saucer of their own design when it leaves the pasture.

#### Strange Little Beings

Right now they are trying to achieve with balsa wood, paper and tin engines a replica of the huge circular craft which Robert dreamed two years ago landed in his backyard. Robert awoke just as some strange little beings clambered out and ran toward him. Instead of calling a psychiatrist, the 47-year-old sign painter reached for a pad and sketched all he could remember about the imaginary saucer, he said.

Robert showed the sketch to Norman, a 52-year-old carpenter who built model aeroplanes as a hobby, and they have been working on "saucers" ever since.

#### Jet Power

Their latest model, the "Martian," is 30 inches in diameter and looks like a flying wagon wheel. Fearing someone will steal their ideas, the Days don't give much detail how it works. But they said the power comes from either a small jet engine or a gasoline engine hitched to a propeller blade in the "hub" of the wheel.

Finishing the "spokes" of the wheel allow the saucer to keep on spinning after the fuel runs out so it will float down.

The Days said they have an improved model in the works which can rise vertically, hover or move off in any direction at high speed.

Drawings of a full-scale "flying saucer" have been registered by the pair—United Press.

### Heart Split Open 'Like A Pork Chop'

Chicago.  
Mrs Lorraine Mackowiak's cheeks were red, her feet were warm, and she didn't feel like fainting this week for the first time in her life.

This was because of an unprecedented operation in which she was put in a "frozen sleep" and her heart was stopped twice for a total of 16 minutes.

Mrs Mackowiak, 25, was released from Wesley Memorial Hospital, completely recovered from the daring, two-stage operation in which her heart was sliced open "like a pork chop."

Mrs Mackowiak had spent her life with two muscle bands which ordinarily disappear before birth clamped on the right ventricle of her heart.

The flow of blood to her lungs was cut down, leaving her pale and feeling like fainting most of the time.

#### In A Cold Blanket

A team of five surgeons and 12 assistants started the operation on Mrs Mackowiak by giving her drugs which disconnect the brain's temperature thermostat. Then she was wrapped in a blanket through which a refrigerant flowed.

Her body temperature dropped from 98.6 to 80 degrees and she sank into a state of semi-hibernation.

The surgeons were then able to clamp off the veins and arteries at the heart and to work in a dry field.

Mrs Mackowiak's heart was split open "like a pork-chop," a surgeon said, and in four-and-a-half minutes the first muscle band was removed. The woman's heart was stopped during this period, and doctors needed four minutes of massage and drugs to bring it back to life.

#### A Second Time

The heart was then sewn up and beat normally for 45 minutes. Then it was cut open again and the second band was cut. Once again, the heart was stopped and four minutes were needed to revive it.

It was believed to be the first time in medical history that two such bands had been removed in the same operation in an open, dry field.

Mrs Mackowiak showed no signs of her ordeal when she returned to her husband and year-old son.

"I've never had this much pep before in my life," she said.

### Dodgers Not Playing The Game

## CONSCIENCE MONEY FLOOD BECOMES A TRICKLE

London.  
Tax collectors reported a decline today in the number of consciences being stricken among British tax dodgers.

The Board of Inland Revenue still dutifully inserts "thank you" notices in "The Times" whenever conscience drives a coward to pay up—anonymous—what he owes.

The classified columns of this week's "Times" included the following: "The Board of Inland Revenue acknowledges receipt of £160 conscience money from XYZ."

"Just a drop in the bucket compared with the old days," an Inland Revenue spokesman explained. "We once had a man who couldn't sleep at night who used to mail us £1,000 notes."

#### Render To Caesar

Another insomniac, he said, sent along the taxes he escaped with an anonymous letter citing the biblical reference to rendering to Caesar. All money arrives at the Treasury in Bank of England notes without a clue to the sender's identity.

The spokesman quoted statistics on money turned in anonymously to support his conclusion that there is an eclipse of conscience where it clashes with the wallet.

1928—£24,000.  
1942—£23,101.  
1953-1954 fiscal year £2,782.

#### Sporting Chance

True to British tradition the tax hunters give the dodger a sportsman's chance.

"We never try to trace where the money comes from through

## CIGARETTES WITHOUT TOBACCO

Genoa.  
It all seems like a Scotch and soda without Scotch but Dr Angelo Chiauzzi insists his invention of "Anti-tobacco" is the remedy for smokers.

At the International Medical Congress, held here recently, Dr Chiauzzi reported on this invention of his. He said it was non-toxic and contained no nicotine and in fact it was just an "illusion" for it wasn't even tobacco at all.

"Anti-tobacco" is made up of aromatic leaves principally and specially cured creating the appearance and aroma of tobacco.

Dr Chiauzzi said the formula would remain secret until patent rights came through. He has faith in the scientific and beneficial claims of the product with the Genoa Medical Society.

Dr Chiauzzi worked on his invention after the startling results of the "cause-and-effect" relationship between cigarette smoking and lung cancer. He is convinced smoking greatly affects the lung and has spent considerable time and thorough research on the effect of smoking not only on the lungs but other parts of the human body as well.

#### A Big Drop

The Genoa doctor claims a big drop occurred in Italy in tobacco consumption immediately after the first results of the cigarette smoking-lung cancer survey. Cigarette smokers either stopped smoking altogether or greatly reduced the number of cigarettes they smoked a day partly from fear of the dreaded disease and partly from a genuine interest for their health.

But the lure of nicotine or the stronger habit breaks all these fine resolutions. It was necessary to get around this "obstacle" by offering something of a substitute. Hence, Dr Chiauzzi's "Anti-tobacco."

Dr Chiauzzi hopes to have his invention marketed by the State Monopoly. He said that "Anti-tobacco" made quite openly and sold in drug-stores without infringing on the State law against private manufacturing.

However Dr Chiauzzi said he would prefer the State to take it over because of the benefit it would bring to the Italian nation—United Press.

From Cairo: Yemen's fabulous gold coffers to be opened.

From U.S.A.: Two amazing heart operations are undertaken.

From Genoa: A remedy for smoking—cigarettes without tobacco.

From London: Fewer people are getting conscience-stricken about dodging taxes.

## OPENING UP THE FABULOUS GOLD COFFERS OF YEMEN

Cairo.  
The hoarded gold and silver treasures of Yemen are opening up to set the Arabian people on the road to modern economic prosperity.

Crown Prince and Prime Minister Seif El-Islam El-Badr said the old chests of Beit El-Mal—the "House of Money," or state treasury—would be opened soon to finance new economic projects designed to increase national production and raise the standard of living among the people.

The youthful heir-apparent, who saved his father's throne by rallying friendly tribes against his rebellious uncle, Seif El-Islam Abdullah, said the amount of the hoarded gold and silver treasures was a closed secret.

But Yemeni quarters here estimated the amount between 100,000,000 and 200,000,000 silver Maria Theresa coins—the equivalent of £25,000,000 to £50,000,000.

#### Saved Millions

A spokesman of the Yemeni Embassy in Cairo said the hoards had remained untouched since the assassination of Imam Yahya, father of present King Ahmed, in 1948. They are kept in safes at the Salhira (Rock) Palace on a stone hill outside the old capital of Sana'a.

Hoards were collected through long years of the ruling Mutawakkil dynasty, during which the Yemen's isolationist policy in foreign affairs and

traditionalist policy at home had resulted in continued shrinkage of state expenditures.

This policy was specially pursued by Imam Yahya, who managed to save millions both for the state and for himself. His own fortune at his death amounted to 1,230,000 gold sovereigns.

This private wealth was distributed among the Imam's thirteen sons and four daughters. According to Moslem law, the heirs get equal sums, except that the son receives twice as much as the daughter. Each son received 92,000 sovereigns, and each daughter 46,000.

#### A Poor Man

In contrast to his father, present King Ahmed is a poor man. He is generous with money gifts to the tribesmen, and hardly anything remains from the monthly salary he receives from the state. This generous attitude, which forms part of his friendly policy toward the tribesmen, has stood him in good stead at his darkest hour, when the tribesmen took up arms to defend his throne against his ambitious brother Seif El-Islam Abdullah.

On the other hand Abdullah, who was beheaded last month for his abortive coup, had been able to amass a large personal wealth. While serving as foreign minister, he carried out extensive commercial transactions with foreign countries. He had a Lebanese aide who managed his business affairs.

Abdullah's fortune is not yet known, as it is scattered in foreign banks in France, Britain, the United States, Lebanon, and Egypt. The Yemeni government has asked these banks for accounts of Abdullah's deposits.

Abdullah's heirs are his mother, brother, and sister. However, the law of Islam will be applied first on Abdullah's

wealth. He was pronounced a rebel against the country's legitimate ruler. His abortive coup, it was stated, had incurred damage to individuals, and these should be given compensation.

A special court is scheduled to be formed to apply Moslem law on Abdullah's fortune. Whatever is left of his property would be divided among his rightful heirs.

#### Advice From Abroad

Crown Prince El-Badr said the Yemen would ask Egyptian and other Arab experts to visit the country and advise the Government on the best possible projects to raise production.

The Yemen's chief exports are coffee and salt. The country is anxious to step up production of these two items. With oil flowing in neighbouring Saudi Arabia, the Yemen recently directed its attention toward petroleum exploration in its own territory. Former Premier Seif El-Islam El-Hassan visited West Germany in 1953 and reached agreement with German companies to prospect for oil, improve salt production, and build a road network in the Yemen.

Arab League officials believe that the Yemeni government's new interest in national economic development stems from the attempted coups of 1948 and 1955. These movements, they said, indicated the growth of political fermentation in the once-isolated country.

This fermentation is attributed to the desire of new enlightened classes to see their country shake off its fenced-in medieval conditions and emerge into the broad light of modern times—United Press.

#### Siestas On Way Out

Madrid.  
The long Spanish lunch hour is threatened, for all sides there are reports of plans to bring Spain into line with the other countries of the Western world and work through the day in shops and offices instead of closing for two or three hours between 1:30 and 4:30.

One of the first organizations to drop the lunch-time siesta is the famed Prado Museum. It has announced plans to open its doors throughout the day for the convenience of thousands of tourists who don't have the siesta habit—United Press.

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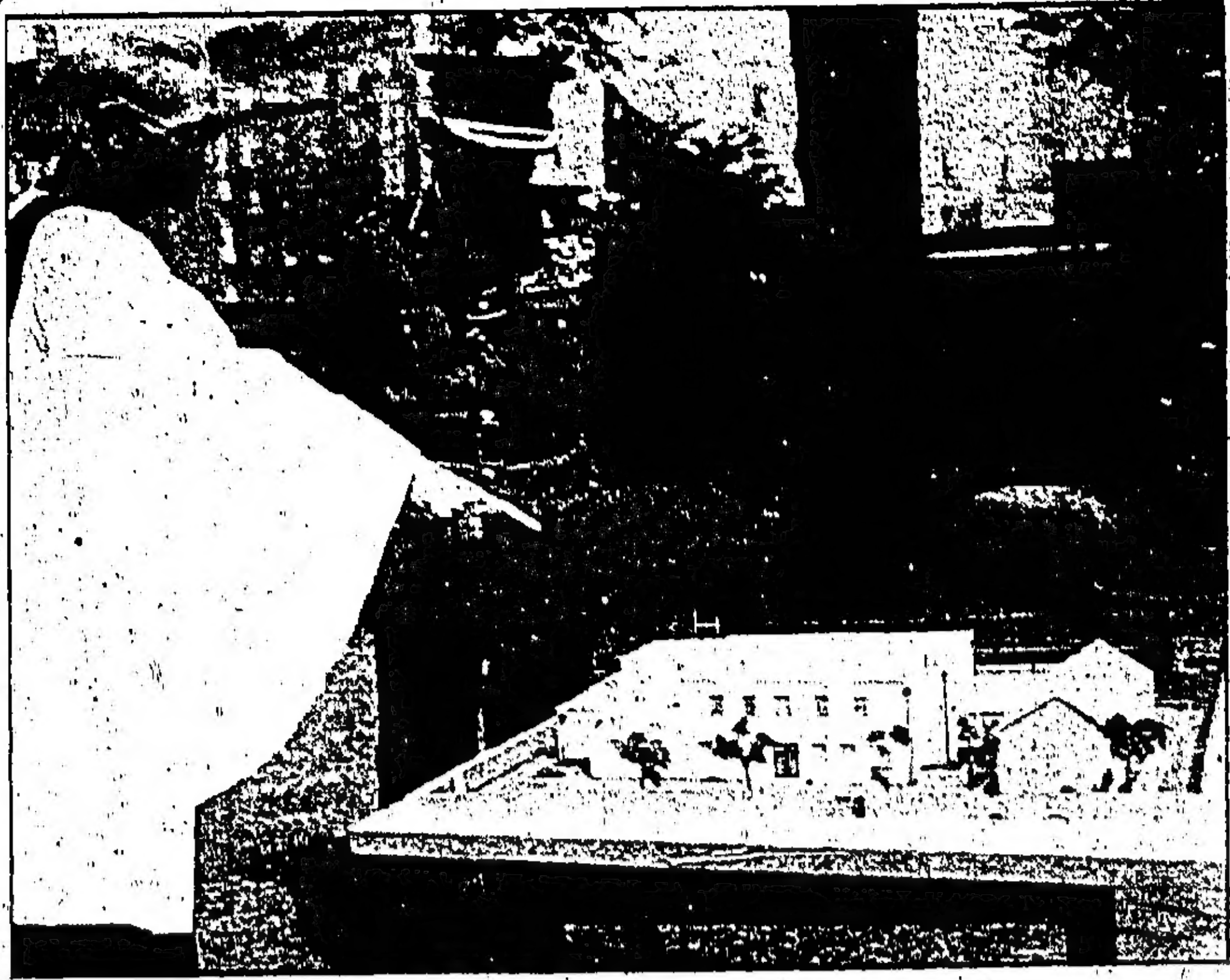
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# • HOMESIDE PICTORIAL •



FIELD Marshal Viscount Montgomery laid the foundation stone of the Bishop Montgomery Memorial Hall, to be built in memory of his father next to "St Mark's" Vicarage, Kennington, where the eminent soldier was born. Bishop Montgomery was Vicar there from 1879-89. The present Vicar, the Rev. H. W. Bird, discussing the model with the Field Marshal.



LEFT: Mary Harkin, schoolgirl Mayoress of Isalee, Yorkshire, who took three and a half hours the other day to snake nanas with 500 people at a reception. She didn't mind, as it meant a holiday from her school in Leeds. She was chosen to be the town's first lady by her uncle, bachelor Councillor James Harkin. (Express)



LEFT: Ten-year-old Kit Gresswell, who but for a marvel of science would not be alive, cuddling his two-week-old brother, Timothy, who but for a marvel of science would not be alive either. Both might have died within days of birth because they were "Rhesus negative" babies. But delicate operations gave them a new supply of blood and life. Their parents live on Hinksey Hill Farm, near Oxford. (Express)

BELOW: Forestry worker Henry Levermore, of Fort William, Scotland, had a dispute with the Forestry Commission. To draw attention to it, he rode his gelding, Robin, on a 590-mile journey to London to take his papers to Mr. Neil McLean, Tory MP for Inverness, who promised to look into the case. They are seen outside the Houses of Parliament. (Express)



THE Crazy Gang, Britain's zaniest vaudeville team, at a Savoy Hotel party celebrating their 10,000th performance. (Express)



IT was the biggest moment in Paula Miles's five and a half years when she met ballerina Moira Shearer in Bradford. For Paula is herself very keen on ballet. But Miss Shearer has advised her to stop dancing for a few years as she is too young. Taking her advice, Paula says temporary goodbye to her ballet shoes. (Express)



AT the conclusion of their official visit to England, King Hussein of Jordan and Queen Dina were guests of honour at a reception given by the Jordan Ambassador at Claridges Hotel, London. Queen Dina chatting to guests. (Express)



ELIMINATION shoots for the Army Rifle Association championships have been taking place on the Bisley ranges. Attracting a great deal of attention is Cpl Joe Clausen, of the Coldstream Guards, who is accompanied on the ranges by his Boxer pup, Fly.



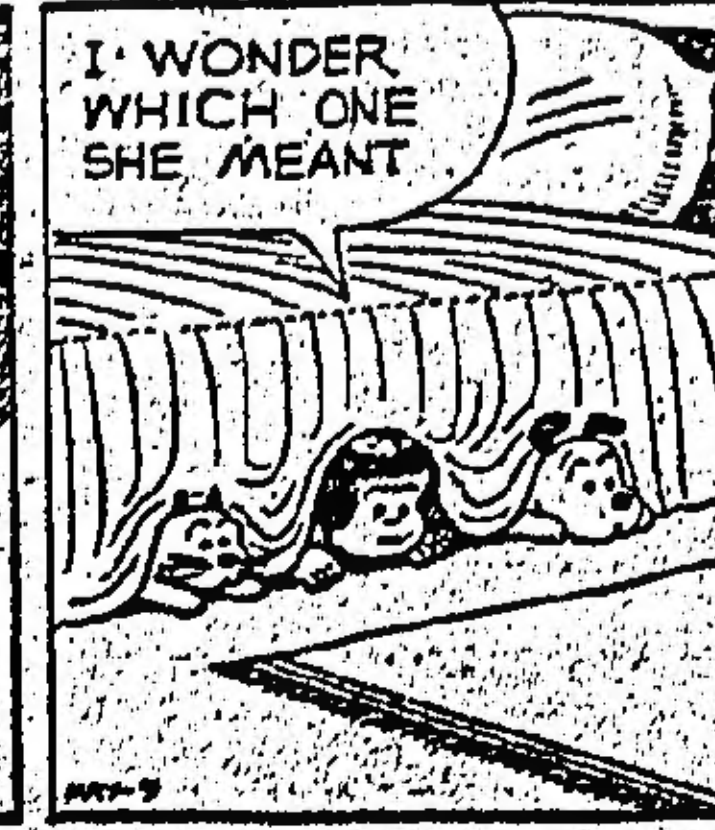
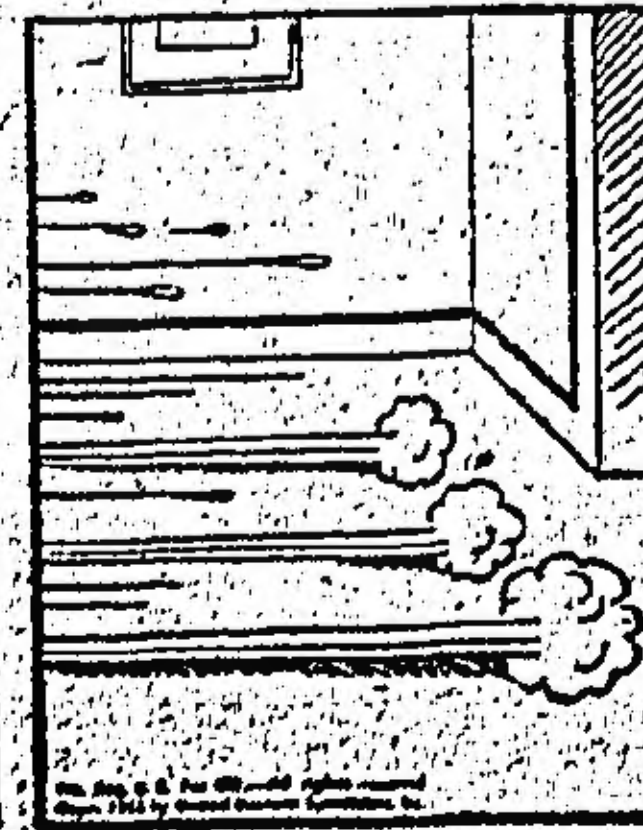
ONE of the few Russian women who have been allowed to marry foreigners and leave the country is now in London with her two daughters. She is Mrs Elizabeth Antonova, who married an American furniture designer from Miami. He will join them soon. She is seen with her two daughters, Natasha, 17 (left) and Olga, 22. (Express).



ROBERT FORD, radio operator for the Tibetan Government, who was captured when the Chinese Communists entered the territory and who subsequently spent five years in a Red prison, seen with his mother in London. (Express)

## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



**BLACK MAGIC**  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES



## THIS MODERN AGE COMES TO AFRICA!

By Gavin Gordon

Leopoldville. All over Africa, and here in the Belgian Congo in particular, the cry of the moment is for electricity — and more electricity. It is a modern cry coming fast on the heels of the old untamed Africa and it shows that the way of the West is seeping through this vast Continent to such an extent that the big day-dream of thousands is for an all-electric home.

In order to make this day-dream a reality and in order to put electricity not only into the African home but more important at present into the mushrooming industries that are showing an astonishing appetite for this particular power source, millions upon millions of kilowatts are to be conjured from the roaring waters of Africa's multitudinous rivers that run vein-like across this waking continent.

There is, for instance, the Zongo Falls hurling their spume into the air and casting great tree-trunks into a 200 ft. abyss. Eighteen thousand cubic feet of water pass over the falls every second—not a big flow as tropical waterfalls go but more than sufficient to drive the turbo-alternators which will soon supply power to this Congo city of Leopoldville.

### ALMOST DOUBLE

At this moment work is also starting on the nearby Zongo 2 Falls, which will be rated at 100,000 kilowatts — almost double the rating of Zongo 1.

Such is the picture all over Africa, except that in the Belgian Congo the picture is forming more rapidly than anywhere else.

Not long ago the growing and transport of raw cotton was thought work enough for the negro; today he gets it and spins it, he weaves it on the latest-pattern automatic looms; he makes bandages and now he is making shirts and singlets and underwear.

He has not yet found out, even under his European masters, how to make the cotton prints with which his women folk adorn themselves but claims that "what Lancashire makes today Africa can make tomorrow." Except that such progress all depends on the successful harnessing of the turbulent rivers that feed the factories he works in.

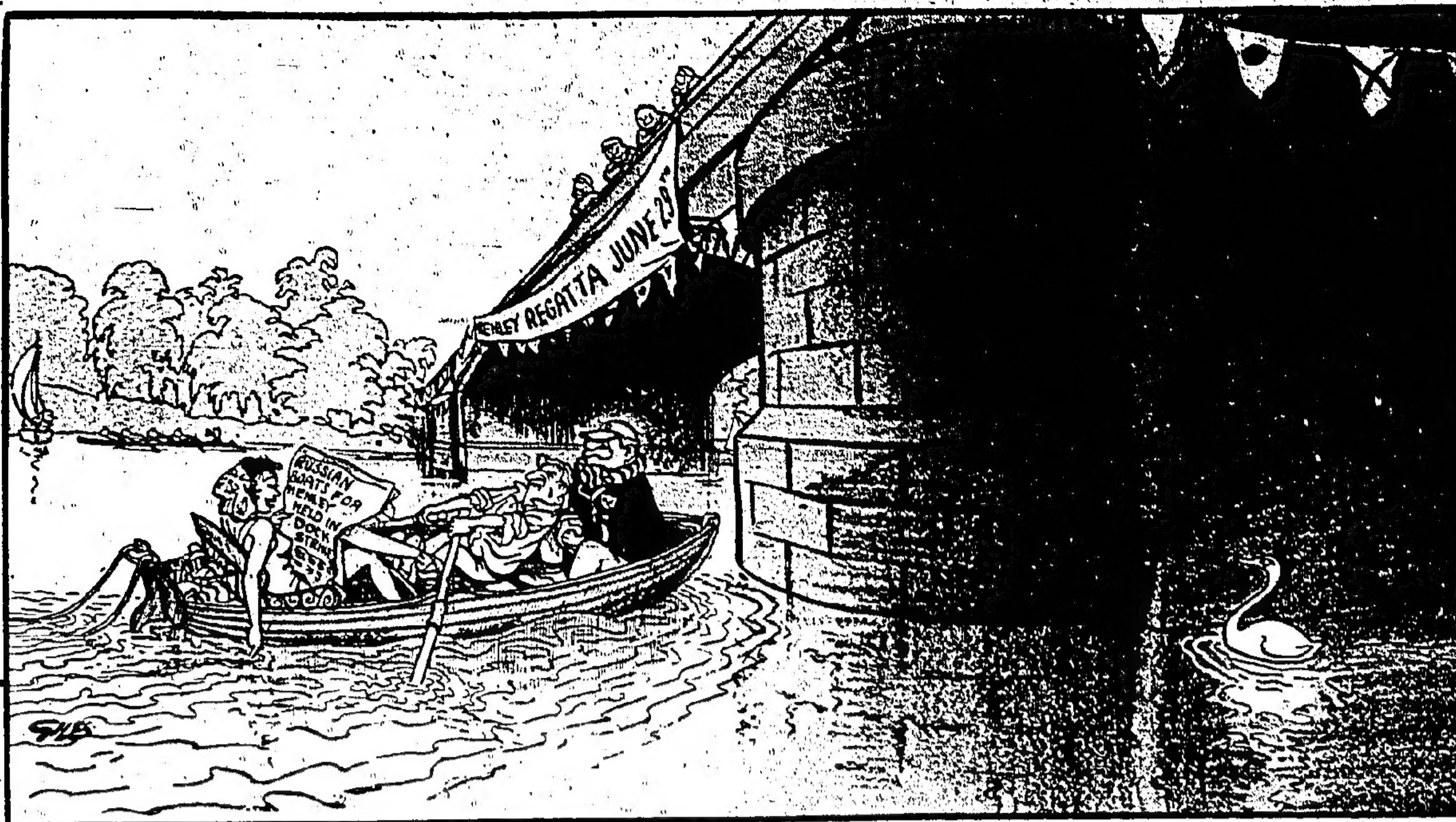
In Leopoldville alone there are two giant textile factories, a brewery, a wine-bottling plant, half a dozen newspapers and a shoe factory.

### ALL-ELECTRIC

This, however, is not the whole story; for world industrial leaders are planning to come to Africa to make electric power and to consume it there. The chances are that soon there will be a lower-Congo power station bigger than any in the world, rated at 20 million kilowatts. And the Canadian Aluminium Company, partly responsible for building it, will be its biggest consumer.

Thousands of tons of aluminium ore, mined in the Guianas (French, British and Dutch), instead of making the expensive trip through the Panama Canal to be processed far north on the western seaboard, will be shipped across the Atlantic to the Congo to be processed there and the metal then re-shipped across the Atlantic to North America's eastern coast.

Today in fact it might be said that Africa is well on the way to becoming an all-electric continent.



"I expect it's these Tory dockers sabotaging the Communists this time, don't you, Daddy?" London Express Service

## BEGINNING THE STORY OF THE MEN WHO DID IT FIRST

# FLIGHT TO GLORY

ALCOCK



On July 16, 1918, the headlines of the London papers shouted the news of fresh disasters on the Western Front, where the Germans were making their final, all-out effort on the Marne, driving the Allies into retreat.

A German victory was in the air and there were many gloomy faces at the editorial conference of the Daily Mail. Only Lord Northcliffe, the "Chief," was unperturbed by the news. After discussing the contents of the following day's paper he gave decisive orders. There would, he insisted, be no more defeatist headlines; instead they would give the public something really exciting to think about. The Daily Mail would re-offer its £10,000 prize for the first non-stop aeroplane flight across the Atlantic.

### The offer

"We offer £10,000 to the first person who crosses the Atlantic from any point in the United States, Canada, or Newfoundland, to any point in Great Britain or Ireland in 72 continuous hours. The flight may be made, of course, either way

Probably most people in the world still believe Charles Lindbergh was the first to fly the Atlantic. James Stewart, playing the part of Lindbergh, is soon to star in a Hollywood film that will almost inevitably perpetuate that legend. To correct what threatens to become an historical injustice, the China Mail today begins publication of a digest of a book on the first real heroes of the Atlantic air — Alcock and Brown.

BROWN



He held no doubts as to the eventual outcome of the war. He knew that the Atlantic prize would stimulate production of the bigger aircraft and more powerful engines which Britain would need if we were to establish a lead in civil aviation during the first years of peace.

By GRAHAM WALLACE



across the Atlantic. The prize is open to pilots of any nationality and machines of foreign as well as British construction."

This offer was originally made by the Daily Mail in 1913, and now it was courageously repeated during the darkest hours of World War I.

It was sensational, but many people criticised the Daily Mail for being frivolous in a time of national peril. Lord Northcliffe, however, stuck to his guns and refused to withdraw the offer.

"The Flight of Alcock and Brown," by Graham Wallace, published by Putnam's.

out to the airfield in his pyjamas, took off and shot down two, bringing his total bag to seven. For this he was awarded the D.F.C.

But that night he and his crew were captured by the Turks after their bomber had crashed into the sea off Gallipoli. For six weeks they were kept locked up in a filthy, bug-ridden gaol in Constantinople before being transferred to a regular prisoner-of-war camp. To pass the time Alcock watched the birds flying outside his cell window and dreamed of the day when he could stretch his own wings and conquer the Atlantic.

Arthur Whitten Brown was eight years older than Alcock. His parents were American, but he was educated as an engineer in Britain.

### A prison

He was an observer in the Royal Flying Corps when he was shot down over the German lines. His left leg was severely injured in the crash, and he remained lame for the rest of his life. For 23 long and weary months he remained a prisoner in Germany and Switzerland. To occupy his mind he took up the study of aerial navigation and became so interested that he felt quite contentedly that he could navigate a plane across the Atlantic.

He was repatriated during the summer of 1918 and went to work as an engineer for the Ministry of Munitions. Here he met his future wife, the vivacious, red-haired Kathleen Kennedy, daughter of his department chief. They planned to marry once the war was over. Brown had a good civvy job. But ex-officers were two a penny, and Brown, like thousands of others found himself

workless. Once the Armistice was signed all the leading aircraft companies started a hectic race to be the first across the Atlantic. Aeroplanes were designed and constructed behind locked doors, leading bomber pilots were placed under contract, and by spring 1919 there were no fewer than nine British entries for the Daily Mail prize, with competition from Italy and the United States.

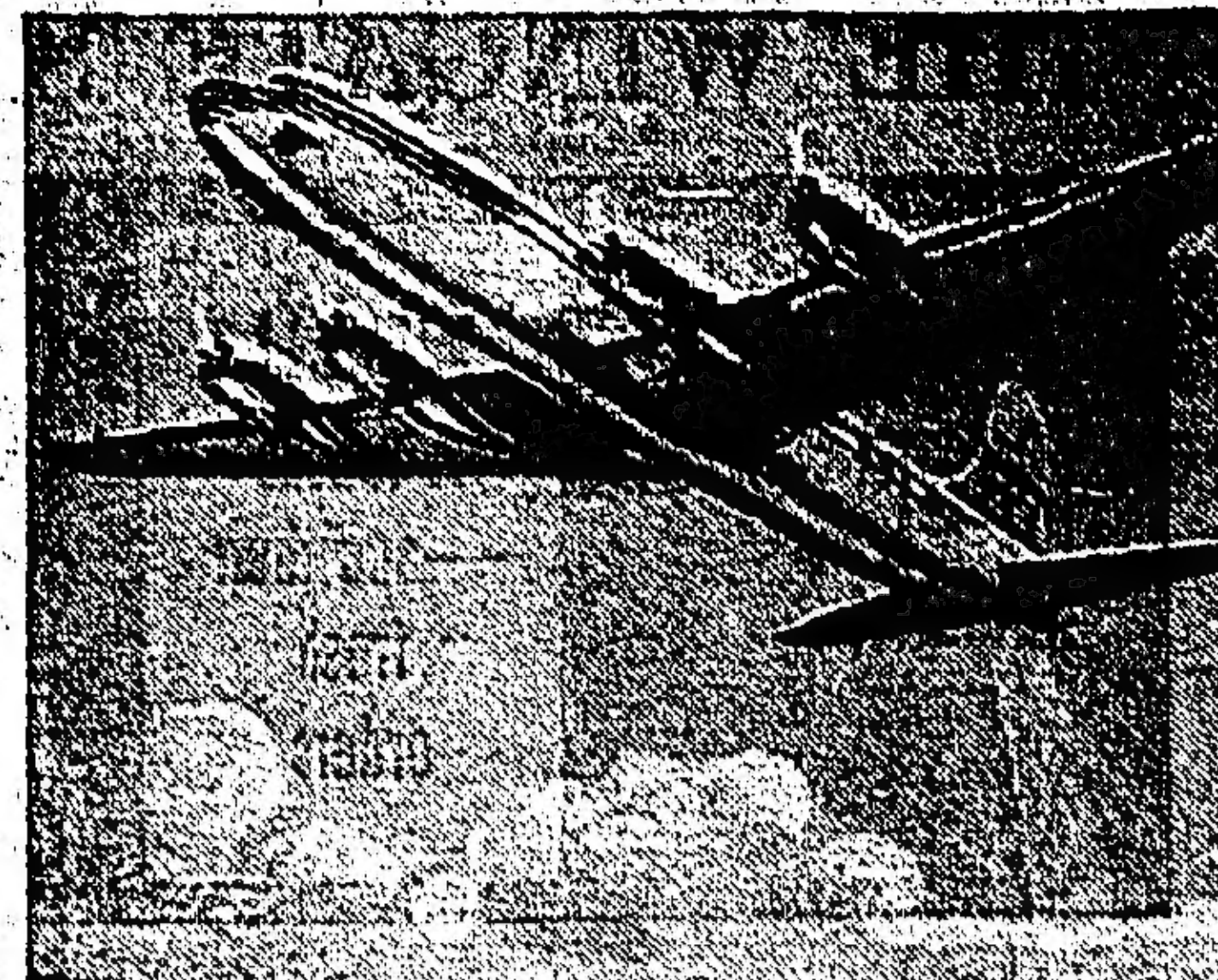
The U.S. Navy announced an attack on the Atlantic with a squadron of giant flying-boats which were to cross from Newfoundland to Lisbon via the Azores.

### Rivalry

Home again and now demobilised, Alcock was signed up by Vickers Aviation to pilot their Vimy bomber across the Atlantic. Powered by two Rolls-Royce Eagle engines the Vimy had been designed for the bombing of Berlin, but the war had ended before it became operational. Now a new machine was being assembled and adapted for the Atlantic crossing.

Alcock worked day and night in the Vickers factory at Weybridge, driving the mechanics on with his enthusiasm, checking and double-checking every detail of the assembly knowing that his life and his country's depended on the flawless performance of the aircraft and engine.

Three weeks later Brown joined him and the famous partnership was born. Brown immediately postponed his marriage and threw himself wholeheartedly into the work. There was no time to be lost. Already two rival teams from the Schenck and Martinsyde



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## THE ART OF SAYING NO

when the question is "What's Yours?"

By ANNE SHARPLEY

I AM a secret non-drinker. And at last I am beginning to have the sense to declare my vice. For years I have "joined in the hearty British games of bar, propping, club wallowing and just-before-closing-time pub-crashing."

The potted palms I have killed by pouring unwelcome drinks over their innocent roots (a practice known as palming off drinks).

The drinks I have mysteriously "lost" on distant ledges.

The times I have gone from six to midnight with one little drink clutched defensively in my hot little hand.

No more. I am about to give all that up.

It is "goodbye" to the bones who talk endlessly and exclusively on the topic so dear to their heart. How much they drank how it affected them and how they felt the next morning.

"Goodbye" to the old hypocrisy of listening to friends discussing the merits of a

Chateau Haut-Bailly and a Chateau Haut-Brion with rapture and feeling none of their rapture.

"Goodbye" to all the other brave little women sipping their gin and oranges determined to keep their dainty feet in this male preserve and not look bored.

And such a happy "goodbye" to my duty (as the soberest) of pouring people into taxis, dragging addresses from their fuddled minds and watching them dither off the seat on to the floor of the cab. I always ended up paying for the trip anyway.

### That cliché

But it's "Hello" to something far more.

That is the maddening and inescapable remark that all drinkers make when faced with someone who does not want to share their plight.

"Oh," they sigh, one and all, "you must have some vice," they lose dignity.

Grrr! The knock-out comes when one refuses a cigarette and explains, one does not smoke either.

Reaching heights of originality they all ask archly: "What do you do, then?"

How do other people cope with this cliché-ridden situation? I wondered.

Diana Dors, whose name may seem to be synonymous with champagne would, if she were offered it, turn it down flat so to speak.

"That remark," she grumbled, "now tired I am of it."

"I usually just glare, mention the name of an American soft drink, and say, 'that's my drink'."

"I hate champagne and stay away from all cocktail parties."

Group Captain Douglas Bader who does not drink "because me Mum told me not to and anyway I don't like the stuff."

Back at the unwary who inquire if he has other vices.

"Yes, thousands of 'em."

It is not as though non-drinkers were met with rarely. The last House of Commons was 15 percent non-drinking. I learned from C. W. Black, M.P.

"Eighty or 90 members were teetotal," he says with a note of pride in his voice. "I haven't sorted out the new House yet."

Mr Black has passed through the corny-comment stage. "People just know. I don't drink. It's quite a long time since anyone said that to me."

Lucky Mr Black.

**Old-fashioned**

There are two variants on the "you must have some vice" theme.

The friends who remember me in brave drink-sinking days; they burst into loud hard laughter and order me a double gin (when I start looking for potted plants again).

Or the others who look at you with the dawn of respect in their eyes, with dreadful sincerity, they compliment one on being a good old-fashioned type of girl.

That usually does it. I order myself a double gin.



# THE WINGATE STORY CONTINUED—HE CALLS TO THE JEWS: 'FIGHT ON'

WAVELL

A rebuke  
—and then  
fresh  
orders

SHERTOK

He told  
the Jews  
to give  
full help

WINGATE

'You will  
have to  
fight the  
English'

WEIZMANN

The man  
who would  
always  
listen

DAYAN

Wingate's  
fighter  
now leads  
an Army

## BANISHED

—from the land he loved  
as the whisper spread—

## 'DISLOYAL'

IN earlier instalments Leonard Mosley has shown how Wingate sowed the seeds of his future greatness. Between 1936 and 1939 the man who was to become the hero of the war in Burma was a captain in the Royal Artillery in Palestine. He produced a revolutionary plan for dealing with the Arab rebellion; he proposed to use men from the Jewish settlements to wipe out the Arab gangs. To start the raids off, Wingate led a unit of the Jewish Army in a raid on an Arab gang stronghold.

FOR his temerity in organising the Jews, and leading them into the Palestine hills to kill Arabs, Captain Orde Wingate was ordered back to Jerusalem to be officially rebuked by General Wavell, his commanding officer. He was not worried. He claimed at a later date that there were three men who would always listen to him and be persuaded: Weizmann, Churchill and Wavell.

Penitently, Wingate bowed his head while Wavell read out his castigation of him for "fomenting Jewish-Arab hate." Then he lifted it again and said:—  
"Your Regular troops have failed to protect the pipeline. The Arabs have caused great damage and made you look fools. I can stop all that. I have a plan. I will wipe out the gangs for you, and see that the oil flows freely. Now listen carefully."

Wavell listened. The upshot of the interview was that Wingate, to the fury of practically every British officer on Wavell's staff, was given permission to go back to Northern Palestine, and continue his experiments in fighting Arabs.

### Britain's strangest hero (3)...by Leonard Mosley

He came away from headquarters in a state bordering ecstasy, singing psalms of praise in Hebrew, as he marched past the pop-eyed British sentries. With the full blessings of Weizmann and Shertok (the head and the political adviser of the Jewish Agency), the Hagana secret army were ordered to give their fullest cooperation.

And Orde Wingate moved into the lands of the Bible to wage war against the heathen. He chose Ein Harod, burial place of his Old Testament hero, Gideon, as his headquarters.

### NOT WAR, BUT...

FROM among British troops stationed at Haifa, he got volunteers and mixed them with Jews loaned him by the Hagana.

Wingate had begun the formation of what became known as the Special Night Squads, formations of highly-

trained guerrillas who moved in on the Arabs by night and slaughtered them. They were the forerunners of the Patriots of Ethiopia and the Chindits of Burma.

Wingate dressed British and Jews alike in clothes worn by settlement workers. They wore gym shoes and carried only a rifle and ammunition.

Wingate led them on each occasion, and they had some startling successes. When the Palestine police expressed scepticism of the casualties he claimed, he had a salutary answer. After each operation, a lorry passed by the nearest police post and the bodies were thrown in front of the iron door with notes attached to them: "Please identify the attached corpses. Signed, O.C. Wingate, Captain."

Not that killing was indiscriminate. Before each operation he addressed his men and told them: "We are not making war on the Arab nation, but on Arab gangs, and towards the ordinary Arabs we will abstain

from cruelty and brutality. A coarse and savage man makes a bad soldier, and you will be have with respect towards the wives, children, and innocent individuals. But you will not let a single culprit escape."

The biggest action fought by Wingate's Special Night Squads was at Dabuniyah, a notorious and strongly fortified Arab stronghold at the foot of Mount Tabor, near the Sea of Galilee. The fighting was so fierce that he called for air support, and an R.A.F. plane came down and machine-gunned the battlefields; unfortunately, the wrong parts of it. Wingate was wounded in the shoulder but refused to be evacuated. The gang was either slaughtered or captured.

But if Wavell was sceptical about the activities of his subordinate, others were not. The Colonial Office was starting to ask: "Why is Wingate being allowed to kill so many Arabs? And is it true he is training the Jews?"

(It was true. He had turned Ein Harod into a battle school to train future officers of the Jewish secret army.)

### AN APOLOGY

THE Military Intelligence service were beginning to take notice of him too. They had begun to tap his telephone calls and intercept his mail.

At first Wingate paid no attention but boldly proceeded with his self-appointed mission. He dashed madly about the country in an old car, which he drove at a furious pace. Speed was a passion, and his attitude towards other road-users was imperious.

Once, driving with a Jewish companion, he was stopped by a British military policeman and soundly berated for his recklessness. Wingate was dressed in the denim and open shirt of a settlement worker. He waited until the British had finished and then calmly said: "You are a liar. I was not driving dangerously."

When the policeman, incensed at the tone of voice, made a move towards him, he rapidly whipped out his military card, across which was written: "Cap-

tain Wingate is on special duty, and is to be given all aid."

The military policeman snapped to attention and let him go. A mile down the road the Jewish companion began to rebuke Wingate. "You were wrong," he said. "You were driving too fast and you know it. You humiliated that young man when he was only doing his duty."

Wingate immediately halted his car, waited for the military policeman's motor-cycle to draw level, and leaned out. "My friend Emmanuel here says I owe you an apology. You were quite right to stop me. I am sorry."

By this time his attachment to the Zionist cause had gone beyond the point of no return. The dossier being assembled about his activities by the Intelligence was growing, and it contained some startling information.

Wingate had meanwhile been tipped off by the Jews' own espionage service that the British were after him. He took little heed, until he heard that his beloved Lorna, his wife, was being shadowed, her calls tapped, and that she and her mother, Mrs. Ivy Patterson, had been obstructed by British police and British officers.

His action was typical of a man who never had any compunction about going over a superior officer's head. One morning he parked his car on the outskirts of a village between Nazareth and Jerusalem. He had heard that Wavell was paying an official visit to Nazareth. When the military cavalcade appeared he stepped into the middle of the road and held up his hand. The cavalcade stopped. Major Wingate stepped into General Wavell's car, sat down beside the C-in-C, and began to talk. That interview temporarily relieved the situation, but not for long. The word "disloyal" was beginning to appear for the first time in the Intelligence reports on Wingate. He mixed with few British officers now, but confined himself to the Jews.

### LORNA WINGATE AT 25

—her life was made uncom-  
fortable by British  
officers who  
disapproved of  
her husband's  
work in Pal-  
estine.



This was about the time when the Round Table Conference was on in London to discuss the future of Palestine. Chaim Weizmann was leading the Jewish delegation. He sent a code message to Wingate asking him if he could come to London and give his aid and advice. Wingate went. By the time he returned the Intelligence reports on his activities had been digested by civil and military authorities and had produced both anger and concern. The school for Jewish soldiers he had established at Ein Harod was ordered to be disbanded immediately.

His indulgent chief, General Wavell, had been replaced by General Haining, who could not be expected to understand the same warmth and respect towards this eccentric and dis-

obedient young soldier. In face of warnings from his few remaining military friends Wingate continued his close contacts with the Jewish secret army leaders. An Intelligence report on him about this time says: "W. no longer drives around in his old car. He has a new one. It is a gift from Hagana for services rendered."

I made the closest inquiries about this report, for otherwise there is no evidence that he ever took money or gifts for his services to the Jews.

### CAR BLOWN UP

IN late 1938, after several successful operations against the Arabs, the notorious Arab gangster, Kauki, offered £1,000 to anyone who killed Wingate.

Shortly afterwards, while driving through an Arab section of Haifa, a grenade was tossed into the back of his car. He saw it in time and flung himself out, escaping down back alleyways to the house of a friend. But his car was completely destroyed.

Hagana found him another. At the beginning of 1939 the bells began to toll for Orde Wingate in Palestine. The White Paper on Palestine was about to be issued. The Jews were convinced that it would give them an independent State.

"The night before the White Paper was issued," said one of his Jewish friends, "Wingate came to visit us. He was drunk, the first time we had ever seen him drunk. He just sat in a corner musing to himself, groaning, slapping his body. Presently he got up and went to the door. We pointed out that if he did insist on going, he had better take the parcel he had brought with him. That's for you," he said. "You'll need it later." We opened it after he had gone and it was four bottles of whisky. Next day we heard that the White Paper had turned down the Jewish State."

It was about this time that Wingate asked Hagana Intelligence officer, Wilenski, to call a special meeting of the Hagana General Staff.

It was arranged for that evening, in Wingate's home on Mount Carmel. Mr. Wilenski sat in the hall, watching the door, ready to give the alarm if the British made a raid.

Wingate arrived alone, and went straight into the room where the Jews were awaiting him. He looked pale and ill, and his eyes were burning intensely. He did not bother to greet anyone, but rose at once, and began to address them. He talked about Zionism, and of his profound belief in the rightness of the Jewish cause. He spoke for an hour with impassioned eloquence.

### HIS ADVICE

AND then, according to the records of Hagana Intelligence, he said: "To be practical, members of the Hagana, the White Paper has turned you down. There will be no Jewish State unless you fight for it, and it is the English you will have to fight. I advise you to start immediate hostilities against them—and begin by blowing up the great oil refinery here in Haifa. Its destruction would be a grave blow to the British Empire." Hagana's chief of staff protested: "That's impossible. We'd never get inside it."

"You will," replied Wingate calmly. "If you allow me to lead the operation." It was one of two important occasions when the Jews refused to accept his advice.

Shortly after the meeting in Haifa, Wingate was called to GHQ in Jerusalem and told he had been posted home. He was allowed to pay a farewell visit to his Jewish fighters in the Special Night Squads. He went first to Zvi Brenna's plateau on the slopes of Mount Tabor, and there, looking down on the lush vales of Esdraelon, his back to the blue waters of Galilee and the tumbling Jordan, he said goodbye.

"I am sent away from you and from the country I love," he said. "I suppose you know why. I am transferred, because we are too great friends. They want to hurt me and you. But I promise you I shall come back and if I cannot do it the regular way, I shall return as a Mafsih (an illegal refugee)."

A few days later Orde Wingate and his wife sailed in a troopship from Haifa. Wingate was never to see Palestine again.

### SERVICE RECORD

SHORTLY after his departure several of his Jewish trainees were arrested and given savage sentences. Moshe Dayan, then a farmer in a Palestine settlement, and Zvi Brenna among them. They were released after the war against Germany began. Dayan (now head of the Israeli Army) lost an eye leading the Australians into Syria. Zvi Brenna lost a leg in Italy.

Across Wingate's personal service record his commanding officer wrote: "O. C. Wingate, Major, D.S.O., is a good soldier; but so far as Palestine is concerned, he is a bad security risk and cannot be trusted. He puts the interests of the Jews before those of his own people. He should not be allowed in Palestine again."

There were many of his fellow officers who felt that he had got off too lightly.

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### NEXT WEEK:

Wingate appeals to the King

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### HONGKONG MEN WHO FOUGHT WITH WINGATE



They served in Wingate's Chindit Force in Burma. The Committee of the Chindits Old Comrades' Association (Hong Kong Branch) elected at Thursday's reunion dinner. Seated: W. G. Hicks, R. A. P. Liddy, W. E. Lam (Chairman), C. E. Chak, M. A. Ching. Back row: F. A. Ozorio, Y. T. Tse, D. F. Holland, C. L. Rocha, L. A. Fox. (Stan Photographs)

### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

SO, GURU! YOU DISOBEYED ME? NOT ONLY DID YOU COME BACK—BUT YOU BROUGHT HARDAS WITH YOU?

OH—THE ELEVATOR'S STOPPING. ARE WE AT ALREADY?

NO—THIS IS ONLY HALFWAY UP. ALEENA MUST BE WATCHING US—

THIS IS A CELL—INSIDE THE CLIFF. ALEENA KEEPS PEOPLE HERE WHOM SHE DOESN'T LIKE—

I'M GOING TO GO UP—RIGHT? RIGHT? RIGHT? ELEVATOR!

THE ELEVATOR'LL HAVE TO GO UP OR DOWN—IT'S NOT GOING INTO THAT CELL?

I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO, NARDA—AS YOU'LL SEE?

EVEN MAGICIANS CAN'T ESCAPE

**Carlsberg**



# GERMANS CHANGE ARMY LAW

From Colin Lawson

Berlin.

FUTURE German soldiers may be able to commit war crimes on orders from superior officers without fear of punishment if the latest rearmament bill goes through parliament.

The new bill, called the Soldatengesetz, is the German equivalent of the British Army Act. The first reading is expected this month.

One section deals with obedience, which the Defence Ministry says is "the supreme law of the army. Responsibility and trust are the foundations of obedience and orders."

First the bill lays down "The order need not be carried out if by so doing a crime would be committed." But then comes this qualification: "Should the soldier, however, carry out the order he is not guilty of a crime or offence if he does not know or realise he is committing it."

In Bonn, a government spokesman said: "From the military point of view, it is intolerable that an order should be disobeyed just because a subordinate misjudges it."

## Set Aside

The Germans have set aside an Allied law passed after the war which laid down that a soldier could not plead innocence for a crime just because he was carrying out a superior's orders.

At Nuremberg and other war crimes trials, many officers and men pleaded in defence that they were only obeying orders when they committed crimes and were therefore not to blame.

The new bill is being studied in the Upper House of the Bonn Parliament before it goes to the Lower House.

Political parties refused comment on the clause until they have studied it more carefully.

But Dr. Konrad Adenauer, spokesman in Parliament, justified it by saying "A 20-year-old soldier cannot have the same knowledge about what is or what is not an offence as, say, one of 40. If a soldier does not know the law, how can he be guilty?"

The Germans are also excusing the war crimes clause by saying that it corresponds to the military law of most West European states.

Britain's Army Act lays down that a soldier who commits a war crime on orders is guilty of an offence. Ignorance is no excuse, although it may be taken into account in the sentence.

# DID IT HAPPEN?

It was Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder of London, who called it murder of the soul; but the two or three blackmailers I've known, they didn't take it so seriously.

Once one even tried to argue with me that he wasn't really the guilty party. "It's the man or woman who's done something they don't want, anyone else to know about, who's guilty," he said. "I just help them by keeping their secret."

Anyway, I obtained further insight into the work of a blackmailer when I was called to a little while back, a friend of a mutual friend telephoned me. He sounded as if he was in trouble, and because he was a friend, etc., I said I'd try to help him, though I "couldn't promise."

We'll call him Forbes. He was a widower, quite a big business tycoon, and he and his twenty-year-old daughter lived in Berkshire. Right now Cynthia, his daughter, was in a nursing-home, being watched day and night to see that she didn't try to commit suicide again.

## Inquiry agent

About ten days before Forbes told me she had gone to Paris for a fortnight. It was her first time on her own like this, and her father would rather have gone with her. But she wanted to show her independence, the way young people do. She had telephoned from Paris of her safe arrival, and sent postcards saying she was having a good time.

She'd been away only eight days when Forbes arrived home in the evening from London and found Cynthia had returned. She had her head in the gas-oven and he saved her just in time. She tried again with her bedroom gas-fire next day. Once again he got to her just in time. She offered no explanation for all this, and any attempt to find out simply sent her off into hysterics.

Forbes realised it was something that had happened in Paris, which was responsible. For his daughter's sake he had not reported her two suicide attempts to the police. So there was nothing Scotland Yard could

# A DARK STRANGER..

● Radio's Armchair Detective spins this latest story

In our could-be-true series. But is this tale FACT or FICTION? The answer will be published on Monday

do about it. The only thing, therefore, I suggested was for him to hire a private inquiry agent.

I took Forbes along to a private detective pal of mine named Bennett. That is not his real name, either. He is pale, shift-eyed, with a toothy grin.



by Ernest Dudley

ERNEST DUDLEY, Armchair Detective, is a law-abiding citizen who has devoted his career to crime, and not only to the security of his armchair. A reporter, student, historian and broadcaster of crime, he knows the underworld well and numbers several crooks among his acquaintances.

"One of two of my pals are in Dartmoor now," he mentions. "I must write them. The third is in the New Street Prison."

Born 45 years ago in the town near Birmingham which bears his name, Dudley is married with one daughter, lives in Harrogate, and is a member of the Harrogate Broadcasting House.

a dingy office in the West End, speaks several languages fluently, knows Europe's underworld like the back of his hand. Divorce, missing persons, there was no job he would not undertake providing it was just legal and it was cash on the nail.

After the price had been settled Bennett told Forbes to leave the rest to him and he would report back as soon as he got anything to report. I can always use copy, so I thought I would trail along to learn how a private investigator works in real life. All the information Bennett had was the hotel near the Gare St Lazare at which Cynthia Forbes had stayed, a photograph of her and that was about all.

The first lead he got was from the hotel femme de chambre, who remembered a Bal Tabarin programme left behind in the girl's room. Yes when Made-

moiselle had left at about 10 that morning she had appeared distraught, but had said nothing except that she was returning to England immediately. Then the night porter remembered that on her last four nights Made-moiselle Forbes had come in at between 1 a.m. and 2.30 a.m. Each time she had been accompanied by an obvious gigolo, though his manner had been most correct and after a "Bon soir, mademoiselle," he had gone.

But on her last night, at the hotel, the night porter said, when Made-moiselle Forbes and her companion came in, there was a discussion. The gigolo became somewhat aggressive and the girl appeared very upset. They went off together in a taxi which had been waiting. Yes, the night porter could describe the gigolo: tall, slim build, dark. One of the early morning floor waiters remembered seeing the girl come in at about quarter-to-seven.

## On the trail

Bennett took the night porter along to the Quai des Orfèvres and he picked out the gigolo's picture from the rogues' gallery. He had a record as a pick-pocket several years before.

So Bennett and I began searching the Montmartre district, starting off at the Bal Tabarin then the usual bottles de nuit and likely cafes. No one seemed to recognise Cynthia Forbes's photograph. Nor did our description of the gigolo ring any bell.

Well, I suppose one gigolo sounds much like another. We trailed round Montmartre for three nights running without result. On the fourth night, it was 3 a.m., we called it a day and went into a small bar in the Rue Pigalle for coffee.

Suddenly Bennett nudged me and I took a surreptitious look at a man who had just come in. Tall, sleek and dark, it was our gigolo. He came and sat on the stool next to us. Bennett stuck a cigarette in his mouth and leaned over and asked him for a light. He got up politely and smiling, came over and lit Bennett's cigarette. Bennett

HE was proposing to make a accusation, but Bennett insisted that it should be taken to the nearest police.

gave me his skull-like grin and slipped out of the cafe. He was back in a few moments followed by a gendarme and went straight over to the gigolo and pointing at me accused him of having stolen my cigarette case.

## The negatives

I was pretty shaken about it. And the gigolo was protesting volubly against the accusation. But as I patted my pocket and found it empty, Bennett dipped his hand into the other's pocket and whipped out my cigarette case. Identified it as mine to the gendarme and Bennett insisted that the thief should be taken to the nearest police.

At the police office in charge to telephone a friend of his, an inspector of the Brigade Mondaine. When he arrived there were some muttered words between him and Bennett, the gigolo was charged with theft and locked up for the night.

While he was being searched the accused had been relieved of his keys. Bennett the inspector and I went along to the gigolo's apartment. There were two rooms and a search of the bedroom gave us what we were looking for. The gigolo included photographs of Made-moiselle Forbes and was obviously something of an enthusiast.

## Panic-stricken

Further searching produced the negatives of the prints of himself and Cynthia Forbes, and back we went to the police. A certain amount of persuasion by the inspector who had a daughter of his own, and the gigolo told us what had happened.

He had met the girl alone at the Bal Tabarin. He had given her the impression that he was himself in Paris. The girl had met each night following, until the last night, when the gigolo had shattered the girl by revealing that he was a profes-



There was no official action that could be taken, without dragging the girl into court, but the inspector had a little chat with the gigolo. As Bennett told me afterwards, it was made clear to him that he'd better watch his step for the future, or else.

Bennett and I returned to London, and Bennett collected his fee. At the father's suggestion, I went along to see the girl at the nursing-home. I handed over the negatives, reassuring her she had no more to fear from that quarter and added some advice about making friends with tall, dark strangers. Later Bennett and I had a drink in the pub across from his office.

"I must say that was pretty bright of you," I said, as I offered him a cigarette. "Spotting that he'd pinched my cigarette case. Bit of luck for you, too. I mean, how else would you have fixed it so as to get the chance to search his place?"

He didn't say anything, only his shifty eyes crinkled at the corners and he showed me his toothy grin. The penny dropped, too, he didn't have to tell me how my cigarette case had got into the gigolo's pocket.

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J. Jefferson Farjeon

Did yesterday's story - The five men - actually happen? The answer: YES

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# 'RONALD COLMAN' OF THE HIMALAYAS

By ROBIN HUTCHEON

POOR Tenzing! Climbing the highest mountain in the world may be a tremendously exciting achievement, but when you read his book, "Man of Everest," you feel that if he'd had the power of clairvoyance he would have stayed at home in the summer of 1953 instead of joining Colonel Hunt's expedition.

For he had an unenviable task. Not only was he an important member of the climbing party; he was also chief Sherpa, assistant transport officer and mediator in the frequent disputes between his truculent assistants and Colonel Hunt.

And he soon discovered that the problems he encountered at the beginning of the expedition were insignificant compared with the acrimonious wrangling which marked its closing stages.

Tenzing, now in his early 40s, is an incorrigible fellow. He has a sharp, good looks—he is a shrewd version of Ronald Colman—gleaming white teeth and a perpetual grin. Furthermore, he is an incurable optimist and incapable of bearing malice against any man.

## Inside Story

In "Man of Everest" he tells the "inside story" of Hunt's expedition. It is the substance behind the shadow of the official account, "The Ascent of Everest," and it makes enlightening reading.

Characteristically he tells it quietly and very sincerely without the slightest breath of sensationalism. He is frank yet fair. He has no prejudices, only preferences. And the stupid nationalistic hysteria which swept Nepal and many parts of India as Tenzing and his British companions marched down to the plains to receive the world's acclaim is completely alien to him.

(Autobiography of Tenzing Norgay Sherpa, edited by James Ramsey Ulman, published by Harper, London, 1955).

A succession of European expeditions in the post-war years had bred in him a spirit of exuberant optimism, an easy-going camaraderie which he shared with all men. It nourished his philosophic mind and turned an "unlettered man" (as he calls himself) into a mature and rationalistic thinker.

At the outset of Hunt's expedition he was discomforted by the reserved manner of the British. He saw it as a barrier between him and the military expedition and did not look forward to the expedition with anything but a reluctant interest.

The friendship he found there sometimes smacked of polite condescension, and was in striking contrast to the warm and genuine relationship he found among the Swiss in their Everest expedition the year before.

## British Character

Yet he tried to make allowances for the peculiarities of the British character. In his work as chief Sherpa he was as loyal and dutiful as any climber could expect. And in his book he has tried to be as accommodating and understanding as possible.

The problems encountered before the ascent were merely vexatious. There was an early upset at the British Embassy when the Sherpas were put up in a garage while the sahibs had rooms inside; later there was trouble because there was one lot of food for the climbers, another for the Sherpas; and later over the issue of personal equipment and kit which was not given, as in previous expeditions, but lent.

Tenzing did not always take sides with his men. His was the self-appointed role of peace-maker and impartial mediator, and his calm, quiet reasoning helped smooth their ruffled dignity on many occasions. But it was not until two trouble-makers were expelled from the expedition that the grumbling really ended.

On the way down from Everest as the triumphant party marched towards Kathmandu it started again; this time, trouble with political and religious fanatics, who wanted their hero to say he had been first to reach the summit, that he had seen

Buddha or the Lord Shiva sitting on top of the mountain; and trouble with overzealous newspaper reporters, each angling for a provocative scoop.

Tenzing does his best to defuse the foolish assertions of his fanatical admirers. He tells in his book who did reach the summit first. It was Hillary. No, said Tenzing, he wasn't slighted by the Queen of England who awarded him only the George Cross and knighthoods to Hillary and Hunt. As a Nepali he doubts whether he could have accepted a foreign title. Besides he got a King of Nepal's order from King Tribhuvan, while Hunt and Hillary got lesser ones.

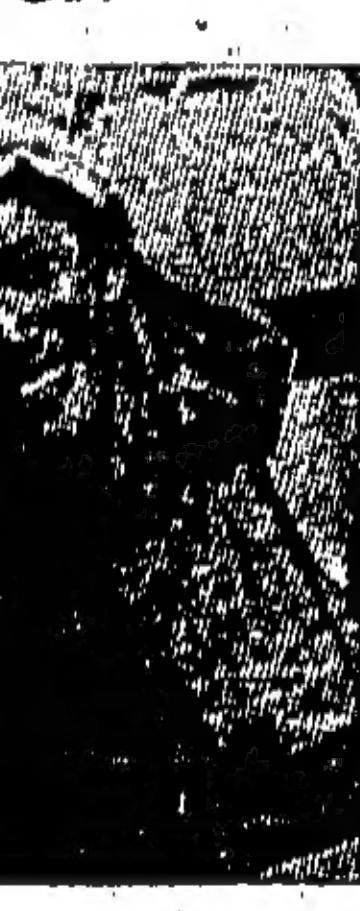
Yes, he did fly the British flag above the Nepalese and Indian flags on his ice axe on the summit of Everest. But the United Nations flag flew above them all.

Hunt's men were surely displeased with Tenzing's press statements. But he says—and knowing how some people in my profession work I am quite ready to believe him—many of his statements were twisted and others entirely fabricated. It should also be remembered that Tenzing speaks only a smattering of English and understands it imperfectly. In quickfire question-and-answer conversation.

## Shook Hands

Possibly he was flustered with success at the time and also said a few things he shouldn't have. But put yourself in Tenzing's position for a moment—and what would you have done? Some consolations are that the trouble was no worse than this; that the British and Tenzing patched up their tiffs, shook hands and milled for the cameramen; and that Britain gave him and his family a warm and sincere welcome.

But the greatest consolation of all is that Tenzing was big and in the morning he took tea



TENZING

enough and sensible enough to override the flimsy criticisms of the troublemakers and to relegate the dispute to a level where it would not overshadow the brilliance of the mountaineers' feat.

Tenzing foresaw some of the problems of climbing with the team spirit was an asset.

But he had been born in the shadow of that mountain. Seven times he had scaled its bitter heights. Seven times he had been rebuffed. It tantalised him, hypnotised him, wove a magic spell in his mind, and he realised as he wrestled with the problem of whether to join Colonel Hunt in 1953 that "for a chance to climb Everest, I would have been willing to take any job from a dishwasher to yet-keeper."

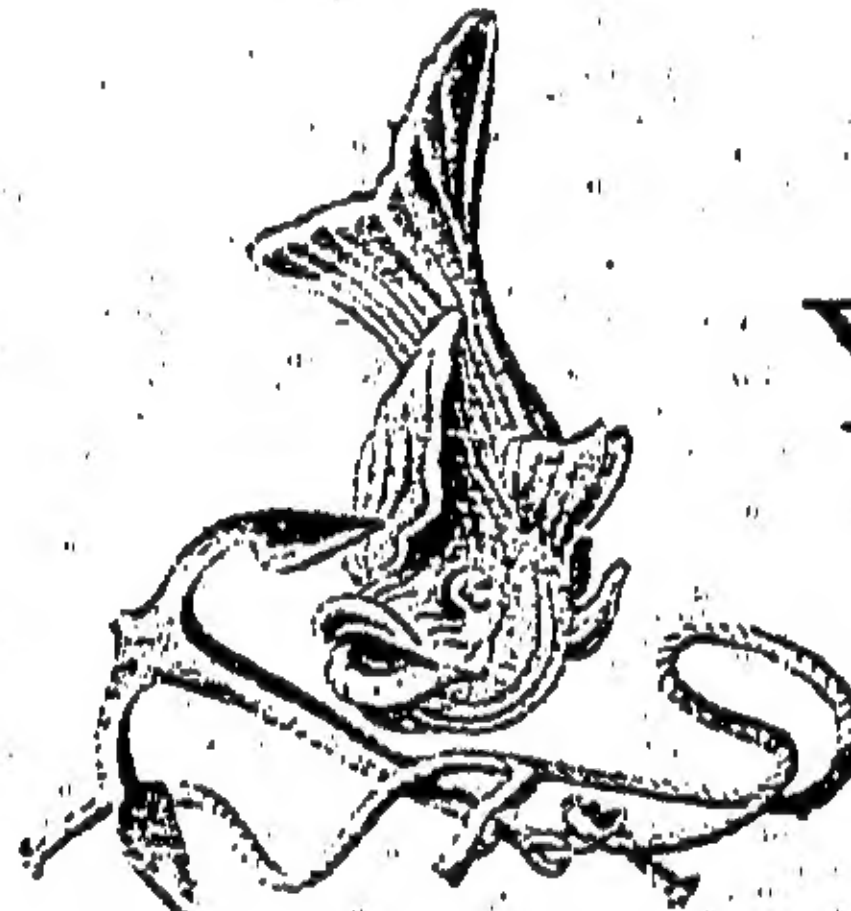
And however much he disliked the regimentation and lack of informality in the expedition, he frankly acknowledged that Hunt's careful planning was an important factor in the ultimate success. The team spirit was an asset.

## Bright Bubble

Tenzing's book is worth reading, however, not only for the "inside story" of Everest. He is a great character with a sharp wit and a fund of good stories.

Ulman, Tenzing's ghost writer, has certainly put a bright bubble into many parts of the book. There is a nice balance between the gripping drama which marks many of Tenzing's climbs and the light-hearted gaiety which seems to permeate his life.

One of the best stories is of a very pretty English lass who met him while acting as a tourist guide in the Himalayas. He noticed, especially, her good complexion and her fine white teeth. The party stopped at a dak bungalow for the night, and in the morning he took tea



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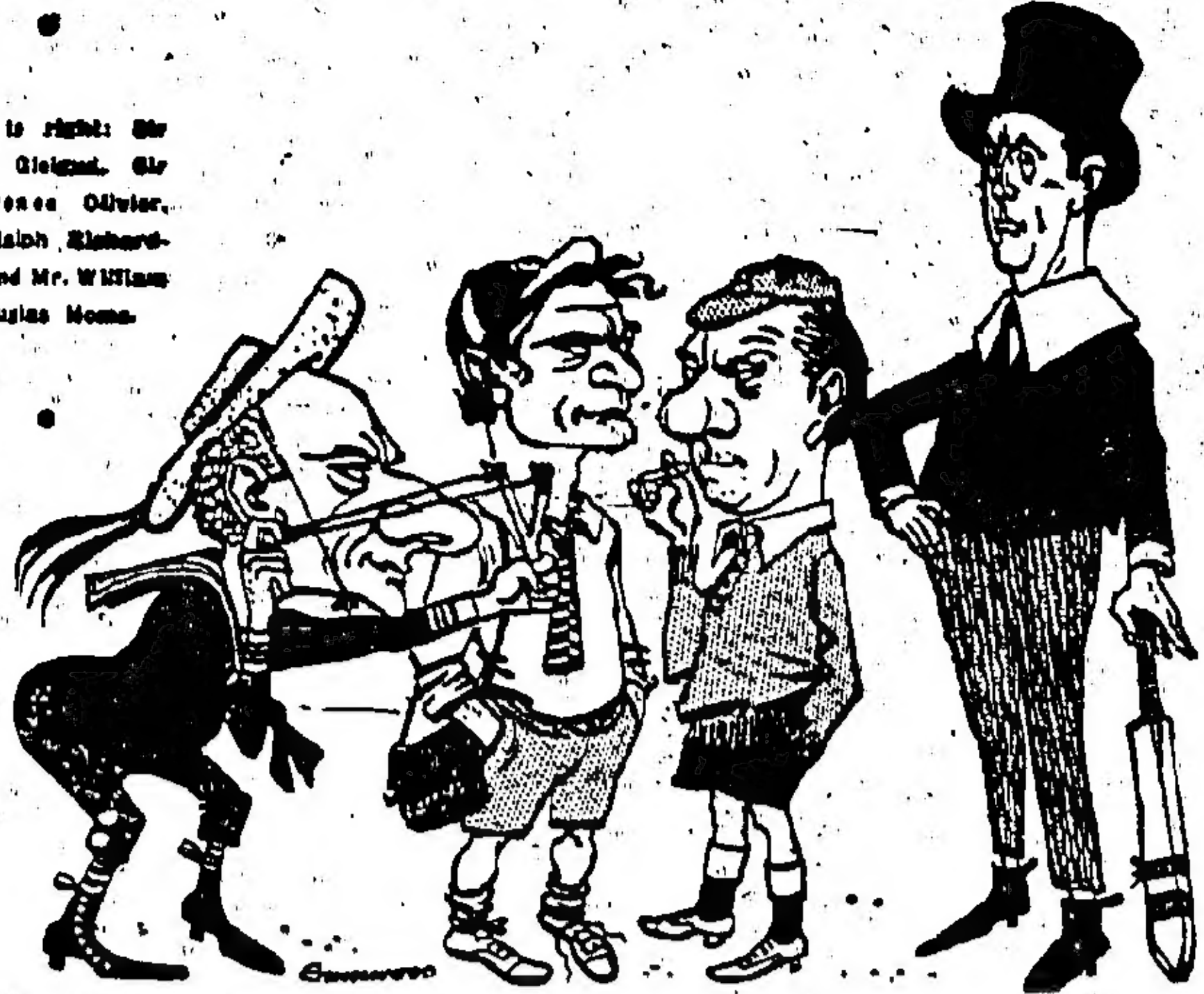
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Left to right: Sir  
John Gielgud, Sir  
Laurence Olivier,  
Sir Ralph Richardson  
and Mr. William  
Douglas Moore.



## Etonians Aren't Everywhere Top

THE queue for Eton is longer than ever. And no wonder. Mothers anxious to do right by their sons (and what mother does not?) can hardly fail to note that the old boys of today govern the welfare state as surely as their forbears won the battle of Waterloo.

With a majority of Old Etonians in the Cabinet, the purchase of the old school tie must seem a splendid investment. True, it costs something in the neighbourhood of £2,000; but this, after all, is rather less than the price of a mink coat. As there is no limit to the sacrifices parents make for their children many must be wondering, not so much whether they can afford to send their sons to Eton, but whether they can afford not to.

### Great men

But wait. Before selling the family heirlooms, it is worth considering how Eton fares in other professions. Does the school that produces such an abundance of Cabinet Ministers throw up great men in other walks of life? Is the Old Etonian tie dominating medicine, science and law? Is there such a dazzling array of old boys leading the fine arts and not-so-fine arts of film, radio and journalism?

Take medicine first. Lord Horder, Extra Physician to the Queen, did not go to school at all. He was educated privately, whatever that may mean; afterwards attending the University of London. Sir Daniel Davies, another Extra Physician to the Queen, was educated at Bridgend and University College, Co. diff.

The Queen's gynaecologist, Sir William Gillies, went to Wellington. Sir Harold Gillies, the plastic surgeon, was brought up in New Zealand. Ernest Jones, Honorary President of the British Psycho-Analytical Association, comes from a humble village school in Wales.

If your son shows a blossoming bedside manner and does not wilt at the sight of blood, you can rest assured he may make a successful doctor wherever he goes to school.

### He will profit

But if he demands ever more lavish chemical sets, he will clearly profit from an early technical education. None of our most distinguished contemporary scientists went to Eton. Sir William Penney,



by JILL CRAIGIE

Director of Atomic Weapons Research Establishment, went to a technical school in Sheerness. He seems fairly typical. Even the Astronomer Royal, Sir Henry Spencer Jones, received no more impressive an education than that of Laymer Upper School, Hammersmith.

But maybe Eton excels in polemics. This would account for its preponderance of politicians. But then, surely, the old boys should be leading the legal profession. While Old Etonian lawyers are ten a penny, the number that reach the heights are in the decimal class. Neither the present Lord Chancellor nor his two predecessors went to Eton. The two most outstanding lawyers in the House of Commons, Sir Walter Monckton and Sir Hartley Shawcross, come from Harrow and Dulwich College. The first four judges that spring to mind, the Lords Goddard, Birkett, Somervell and Radcliffe, have got where they are without having learned the Eton boating song.

The champions of Eton assert that, of all schools, this is the one that does not cast boys into a particular mould. At Eton, they say, unorthodox opinion thrives; individuality is encouraged. Yet Eton turns out none of our current distinguished painters, architects or musicians. The three most individual of our leading artists are perhaps Henry Moore, who went to a grammar school, Graham Sutherland, who went to Eton College, and Stanley Spencer, who went to a council school.

### Unorthodox

The BBC is run by Sir Ian Jacob. He received a traditional military education. No doubt the BBC still believes in the legend of Eton's unorthodoxy. For no Old Etonian has yet been entrusted with the disciplining of ideas, which seems to be the main function of this thoroughly British institution.

Old Etonians are not inclined to act—at least not professionally. Maybe the old school still regards the actor as a mountebank. The knights of the theatre, Sir Laurence, Sir John and Sir Ralph are not distinguished for their old school ties. Nor do Etonians produce plays or direct films, although in William Douglas Home they can claim a successful playwright.

Indeed it has been said of show business that the best guarantee for success is either a religious education or none at all. As Sir Laurence Olivier

was the son of a vicar, film-director David Lean the product of a Quaker school, and Noel Coward along with Ronald Neame on the way-roll before they were wearing long pants, there seems to be substance to this theory. But in fairness to Eton it should be mentioned that the Britton Mills circus boasts of the only Old Etonian ringmaster.

If your son is editing a preparatory school magazine, rule out Eton. Otherwise he will never become a newspaper editor—unless you actually own the paper. For the most part the product of state schools shine in Fleet Street.

### Impossible

But in literature and philosophy it is impossible to ignore the achievements of old Etonians, particularly as so many find it amusing to run down their old school. Sir Osbert Sitwell leads this cult. He maintains in "Who's Who" that he was "educated during the holidays from Eton."

Even so, if Eton does not actually dominate the literary landscape it colours it with exotic specimens. Professor Ayer expounds on logical positivism. Aldous Huxley has gone into voluntary exile. Yet most of our leading poets come from more humble schools.

But don't blame Eton. After all, many of its pupils are entered before they can even squeak.

# The Most Elegant Man Tells Me His Secrets

By ROBERT ROBINSON

I HAD the honour last week of taking brandy with the best-dressed man in Britain.

His name—Colonel the Hon. Frederick Cripps, D.S.O., son of Lord Parmoor and brother of the late Sir Stafford Cripps, sometime Chancellor of the Exchequer. Colonel Cripps has been invited to become men's fashion adviser to the firm of Lanvin in Paris. Their shop window bears a full-length picture of him—"the most elegant man in England."

I went round to White's, one of London's most exclusive clubs, to congratulate him.

The Colonel, "a distinguished upright 70, was wearing a soft green suit with the faintest of checks. There were no turn-ups on his trousers. Across his waistcoat hung a gold-rimmed monocle.

### THEN HE TOLD ME THE PRICE

ROUND his neck he wore a bow-tie in the colours of the Romanoff family—the colours, also, of the Travellers' Club of Paris, of which the Colonel is the oldest member. His shoes were suede—a shade of brown so exquisite that it was barely noticeable. I sipped my brandy and considered with mounting envy the elegance of this distinguished man.

He leaned across to me. "Know how much this suit cost me?"

I waited with suspended awe for the answer.

"Twelve quid," said the Colonel. "You could have hamstrung me with a tape-measure."

And then he told me. All the Colonel's clothes come from a firm of multiple tailors who specialise in cheap suits for the ordinary bloke.

"I was a bit hard-up some years ago and my sister, Lady Egerton, told me I was looking shabby and it wouldn't do. She said she'd make me a present, of a couple of decent



In all their sartorial splendour... Robert Robinson (the best-dressed columnist) and Colonel the Hon. Frederick Cripps.

suits, so I toddled off to Savile Row and got measured.

"How much?" I asked the chap. "£45 each, sir," says he. "Cancel the order," says I. "I don't like throwing money away, you see."

As we spoke, two Frenchmen came into the club and one drew the Colonel aside.

When he returned the Colonel told me they'd asked him where he got his clothes.

"I just opened my jacket and showed them the label," he said. Down at his home in Berkshire the Colonel is writing his memoirs.

"Trouble is, I write 'em in long hand. When I come to

suits one after the other, pirouetting round the room to show them off.

"So I went. And I got three suits for £45—not one!"

As we spoke, two Frenchmen came into the club and one drew the Colonel aside.

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"Trouble is, I write 'em in long hand. When I come to

How he dresses in the suits of an ordinary bloke.

How he met disaster selling baking powder to the Russians.

How his brother, Sir Stafford, liked thick steaks and Burgundy.

read 'em back I can't understand a word."

One rumour the book will undoubtedly scotch is that of Sir Stafford Cripps' puritanism. "Wasn't he an ascetic?" I asked.

"Good lord, no. Many's the thick steak and bottle of Burgundy I've enjoyed with Stafford. Use to go round to see him at the Ministry. He'd lock the door, stick his feet on the desk and out would come the cigars."

The strict regimen that Sir Stafford later adopted was due not to puritanism but to what his brother described as "a bug" he'd picked up.

"Oh, but we used to have some times together in the old days. I'd take him about, you know—used to look after him quite a lot after our mother died."

### CAPTAINED RUSSIAN POLO TEAM

COLONEL CRIPPS must be the only Englishman to have captained a Russian team at polo.

Before the Revolution—captained the military over there against a civilian side.

"Yes, I made a lot of money in Russia. Went back after the Revolution and made a corner in baking-powder. What do you think of that, eh? Flogging baking-powder to the Bolsheviks."

"Did too well, though. They confiscated the lot."

We walked out into the club entrance and Colonel Freddy met an acquaintance.

"Taxation's the devil," murmured his friend.

"Crippling," said I, very wryly.

The Colonel's eyes twinkled. "Cripps-ling they'd have called it once," he murmured.

## THE ASTONISHING 'D. S. WINDELL' HE ROBBED EIGHT BANKS IN ONE MORNING

Ernest Smith tells one of the world's strangest stories

ON September 23, 1908, eight London branches of a well-known bank were each tricked into paying £290 to a man they had never seen before and who signed his cheques "D. S. Windell."

How the Edwardians chuckled in their clubs over that alias when they read their newspapers. The confounded cheek of the man to sign himself "D. S. Windell" and get away with £2,320!

But he did not quite get away with it, although it was admittedly one of the most ingenious frauds the banks had ever come across.

The man was Bernard Isaac Robert, a 23-year-old Dutch subject who for four years had lived and worked in England. His accomplice, Francis Reginald King was employed by the bank and provided the technical details. But it was Robert who by his pointed *nom de guerre* provided the light relief.

By a series of forged Advice Letters to managers of various

branches of the London and South Western Bank (all received on the same morning) they made a quick haul.

Soon after breakfast Robert set out from his rooms in Malda Vale and made his way to the Victoria Station cab-rank, Charles being in a motor-car he braced himself for the first test. Would the plan work at the Vauball branch of the bank? If it did all should be well for each of his subsequent calls would be so the bank manager.

And so perfectly had the whole scheme been arranged that, incredible as it may have seemed afterwards, not one bank official saw anything to make him suspicious or even to prompt a passing thought that "D. S. Windell" might be an embarrassing name to carry through life.

After it was all over, of course, was may be sure, there would be plenty to declare that they would never have been taken in by such a name. But that was afterwards; and on this September morning certainly no suspicious halted Mr Windell's progress as he ploughed through his prepared list of branches.

### FIRST HURDLE

Stopping the cab a little way from the bank he told the cabbie to wait while he made a call. The doors had just opened for the day's business at 9.30 when he entered and asked to see the bank manager.

Of him he inquired if an Advice had been received from the Harlesden branch transferring his—Mr Davitt Stanley Windell's—account. He intimated that he was ready to sign the customers' book. That done he asked for a cheque book and

expressed a wish to draw £290 in gold and banknotes.

A brief exchange of courtesies and Robert was outside, no doubt very relieved that he was over the first hurdle.

From there he drove on to the Clapham branch where the routine was repeated; then to Egham, Streatham, Fulham Hill, Dulwich Forest Hill and Catford.

Windell was at once on his guard. Bluffing quickly he said he had changed his mind and would go to the bank's head office in Fenchurch Street. There, putting up a bold show for the cabbie's benefit, he went smartly through the main entrance, to emerge a few minutes later from another door.

But he had had enough, and with the morning's proceeds of £2,320 in his pockets he had his usual vegetarian lunch and caught the two o'clock train at Charing Cross—for Paris.

### MOST DARING

The storm broke in the bank parlours the next day when all the Advice were received at Head Office for clearing. The hunt for the unknown D. S. Windell, went on for several months, the trail over the Continent being kept warm from time to time as some of the stolen banknotes returned from circulation.

Eventually he was arrested in Madrid, extradited, and was tried at the Old Bailey in June, 1909. He pleaded guilty and was sentenced to 18 months with hard labour.

His accomplice, King, got seven years penal servitude. He it was who forged the Harlesden manager's signature and added the bank's private

codeword which made the 13 Advice as watertight a means of fraud as any previously attempted.

Robert, in his confession, said: "It was the devilment of the matter—the excitement, the ingenuity, the humour, the almost impossible success to crown it—which urged me to attempt the fraud. I saw myself as the hero of one of the most ingenious schemes of modern times. The very name I assumed goes to corroborate this intention."

Certainly Robert was not in need. Well educated in Rotterdam he spoke many languages, was an accomplished musician, lectured on theology, and helped in medical research.

And the bulk of his share of the stolen money went to other people. "I gave heaps of it away to various poor people and to a friend in Brussels who was ill and in penury," he declared.

Many bank swindles have been attempted both before and since, but none will ever be as strange as this—one of the most daring banking frauds of modern times (that was, certainly, a deception), perpetrated by a young man who did not want the money and who liberally chose a pseudonym which added more than a spice of danger to his crooked enterprise.



Bernard Isaac Robert (alias "D. S. Windell")—from a photograph taken in court.

### JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a

**San Miguel**

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## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## ★ Happy Feet....In Next-To-Nothing Shoes ★



• Filmmaker and filmmaker, this summer's shoes are the prettiest for years. Some are just things and a sole. Some are so bare they have invisible sides to hold them on your feet. Some are of light-air fabrics, from pale pink linen to nylon mesh. Left: black patent thong sandal with invisible sides, from Delman. Right: blue and white pumps in nylon mesh.

## While Couture Clients Dwindle To A Few Thousands— A New Clothing Industry Booms In France

CHANGING concepts and economic standards have increased the demand for women's ready to wear clothes in France.

Until World War II, this market was practically nonexistent here. Every Frenchwoman, with her mania for individuality, bought her clothes from a couturier, had them made by a little dress-maker or, in the last resort, made her own.

Today, in France, there are only between 3,000 and 4,000 regular and faithful clients of the haute couture houses, compared with 21,000,000 women in the country who buy ready made, mass-produced clothes.

To supply the demand, there are 2,200 different manufacturers of women's garments throughout the country.

### THE IMPACT

M. Lempereur, leading manufacturer and President of the National Federation of Women's Clothing, states that his own particular business made an overall increase of 42 percent in 1954 compared with 1953.

M. Lempereur has changed his business headquarters from downtown Paris near the fabric centres to the Rue Royale, stronghold of the couture houses. He has purchased the two top floors of No. 5 Rue Royale, over the Jacques Griffe salons.

The impact of changing times and the evolution that the French market is undergoing is brought home by M. Lempereur's new wholesale showroom which, only a few years ago, was the private designing studio of one of the world's most famous couturiers, Captain Edward Molynaux.

### THE STANDARD

There are several different classifications among the wholesale houses.

Forty firms, many of whom employ designers who were formerly in haute couture, are technically entitled to call themselves "creative wholesalers." This involves a certain standard of showing the clothes on live mannequins, and first presenting the collection at special press show.

Monsieur Lempereur who was the first to realise the possibilities of uniting and developing this field is the leader of the group, and thanks to him

the industry has made amazing progress.

He has recently returned from the United States, after making an intensive survey of methods used there. His feeling is that the American mass-produced market is ahead of France in the lower and medium price ranges, but that the French houses can turn out better styled and finished garments, in first quality fabrics, in the higher price bracket.

His own clothes are at present sold in many famous department stores. Belgium, Holland, Germany and the Scandinavian countries are the best European clients for French ready to wear clothes. England has a very limited amount of French merchandise owing to currency restrictions and national controls.

### THE ONE DRESS

This revolution in the basic concept of the way in which French women dress does not mean that they are completely sacrificing their famous individuality. Women in the higher income brackets have also become department store conscious in the last few years. They comb the market for little dresses and extras that are ready made, but they will still buy one important costume or an evening dress a year from a well-known couturier.

Also, when compared with American standards of mass production, the French scale becomes infinitesimal. The best selling dress from the most successful wholesale collection never exceeds 800 repetitions. Considering the percentage destined for export, the margin of chance that a French woman will see "her" dress or someone else, is no greater than in the haute couture.

Leading ready to wear houses never use anything but the finest quality fabrics from the French textile houses.

The fabric manufacturers prefer to sell outright at the beginning of the season to the wholesalers, rather than have their star fabrics taken by the couturiers on consignment, and perhaps returned unused, months later if the model executed in the fabric has not been successful.

Certainly it is good prestige for a fabric house to have any of the world famous couturiers use their material, but it seldom compensates for cold hard cash.

As Monsieur Lempereur explained: "A new fabric may be offered to Couturier X at 4,000 francs (£4) a metre (just over 1 yard). This designer buys four metres for a dress and takes a piece of 100 metres on consignment. He may or may not repeat the original model, depending on the reaction of buyers and his private clientele. We, the ready to wear houses, on the other hand, will use only three metres of the same fabric for a garment, and it is sold to us at 2,700 francs (£2.14) the metre because we buy as much as 300 metres outright."

### THE GOLD RUSH

Another interesting factor is that workers receive more money by the hour in the ready to wear trade than in the haute couture. They are highly skilled operators, trained to do one specific job, such as cutting, hemming, pressing, etc.

Designers also command high salaries, and many have left the couture ranks to follow the gold rush to the ready to wear industry.—China Mail Special.

### HOUSEHOLD HINT

When fitting or buying a dress, blouse or suit, notice the top shoulder seam. It should be centred on top of the shoulder and inconspicuous from front and back.

## THOSE DILETTANTES MAKE ME MAD!

Says Anne Scott-James

LONDON. I ASKED for tea and she brought me coffee.

"So sorry," she said with a giggle. "I never can remember who's ordered what."

She was a waitress in a West End snack bar.

I asked the price of some dishes and if they were fireproof.

"I don't know the price exactly," she said, "but I expect they're labelled somewhere. I don't know if they're fireproof, but they don't look as if they'd crack."

She was a salesgirl in a china and glass department.

★ ★ ★

I asked about her shorthand typing.

"I'm afraid my typing is a bit rocky," but it ought to get better when I've had some practice. What time would I get away on Fridays? Mum says I must catch the 5.15."

She'd come to see me for a job.

Goodness, how mad they make me the nibblers at jobs, the dilettantes, the dabblers. The girls who want the money but can't be bothered to learn the technique.

It's nice that today there's work for everyone and everyone works. But the pay-off is the battalions of amateurs who give the customer such half-baked service.

YOU FIND THEM in shops... the girls who chat behind the counter while you wait for attention, who know less about the stock than you do, and say "No, we've nothing like that" before you've said what you want.

YOU FIND THEM in offices... the girls who are always in the cloakroom making up, and who can't spell the managing director's name.

YOU FIND THEM in fashion... the girls who mess about as dressmakers or designers.

"Betty has such good taste," her mother tells you proudly. But has Betty learned to cut, to fit, to tailor? Not on your life.

YOU FIND THEM in catering... the girls who open soup kitchens or serve at coffee bars.

But how clear they make it that they're really "ladies" that they're only doing it for fun.

YOU FIND THEM in interior decorating... because they love Queen Anne houses and have an eye for colour. But their curtains never hang straight and their furniture wobbles.

In the next few weeks, as the universities come down, as the schools break up, as the dots, say farewell to the season, thousands of girls will start in their first jobs. They'll be young, all the better, inexperienced, doesn't matter. But if they start with the amateur attitude they're doomed.

★ ★ ★

What makes an amateur? What makes a pro?

I've collected opinions from some of the most famous employers in Britain.

WHITNEY STRAIGHT (deputy chairman of B.O.A.C.): "A pro, in our business is a person who can sink personal feelings."

"Our staff must take changes of schedule or suddenness from passengers in their stride."

EDWARD RAYNE (youngest chairman of a public company in Britain): "The pro has a strong desire to earn money. The amateur reaches a certain salary level and makes no effort to earn that much more."

LORD CHANDOS (formerly Oliver Lyttelton): "A pro is someone who has thoroughly studied the theory as well as the practice of a profession."

"Obviously a business secretary must be expert in the mechanics of shorthand and typing. But she should also know broadly how the business

## Why Do Artists Idealise Their Subjects? The Portrait That Flatters...

WHAT does a woman expect when she sits to have her portrait painted? From a study of recent pictures in London art exhibitions, it seems that the last thing she desires is to be portrayed as she really is.

Ballerina Margot Fonteyn is being painted by Pietro Annigoni, the Italian painter who produced this year's Academy "rave" picture of the Queen. The result will be idealised, no suspicion of a line or wrinkle, not the faintest blemish on the skin, the hair more lustrous, the complexion more luminous and the eyes more sparkling than true life.

### DIFFICULT SITTERS

"Women want to see in their pictures the woman they'd like to be," controversial artist Graham Sutherland tells me, and adds "That's what makes them difficult sitters." Poor Mr Sutherland has also dis-

covered that some male sitters feel the same way.

No woman could look in real life quite so like an ethereal chocolate-box cover as John Wheatley's picture of Mrs Michael Hughes-Ballett, with its fine-spun gold hair, bright blue eyes and pink and white cheeks.

Lady Churchill is a well-preserved and good-looking woman, but her face has been moulded by experience through the busy years. None of this appears in John Haymer's new portrait of Lady Churchill. It is a fairy-tale idealisation, with silvery hair, and the eyes are too blue, the face too unlined, the skin too pink and white for reality.

Another painter who has the touch of the Old Masters, made popular by Annigoni is John Merton. He has portrayed Mrs Julian Salmond as a brooding madonna. Viscountess Cranborne is a lovely woman, but her cheeks really are rosy and her throat truly as white as

Henry Lamb, RA, would have us believe?

Do women enjoy these subtle flatteries in paint? It seems that they do. It is for these delicate compliments from the artist's paintbrush that they sit for hours and hours or are happy to pay substantial fees.

### PICTORIAL MOMENT

One notable exception is, of course, Lucien Freud, whose pictures of his lovely wife, the former Lady Caroline Blackwood, are certainly not idealised.

I asked artist Nicolas Egory, just back from an Italian trip and well known for his sketches of beautiful women, why it is that most artists idealise their subjects. For himself he claims that he tries to catch his sitters at a pictorial moment.

"Even the plainest woman," he says, "has her moments of beauty or elegance, and that is what I try to capture in my sketch."

—Eileen Ascroft

### Jacketed, fit for a Princess



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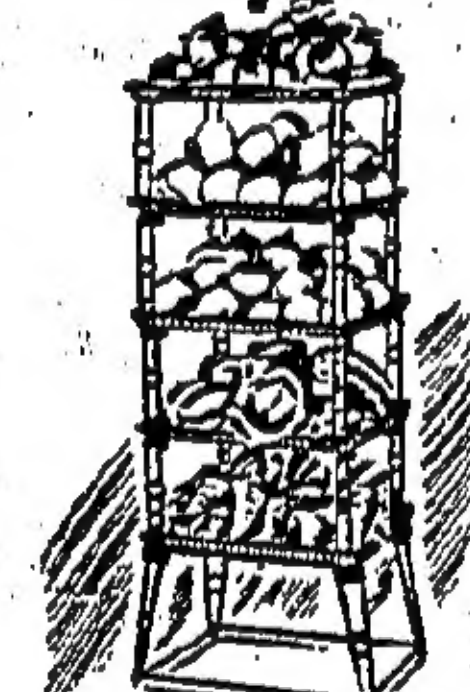
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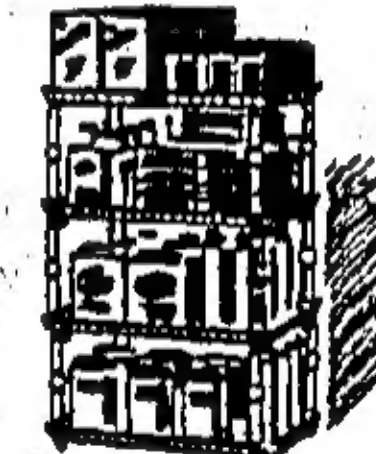
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## The Versatile Beanstalk

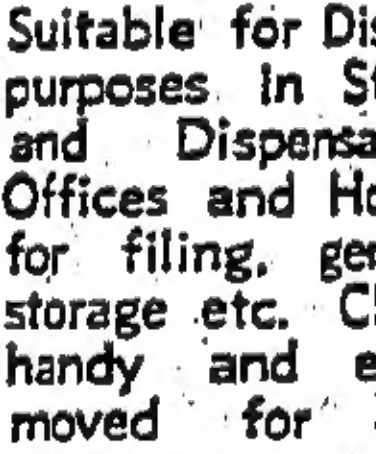
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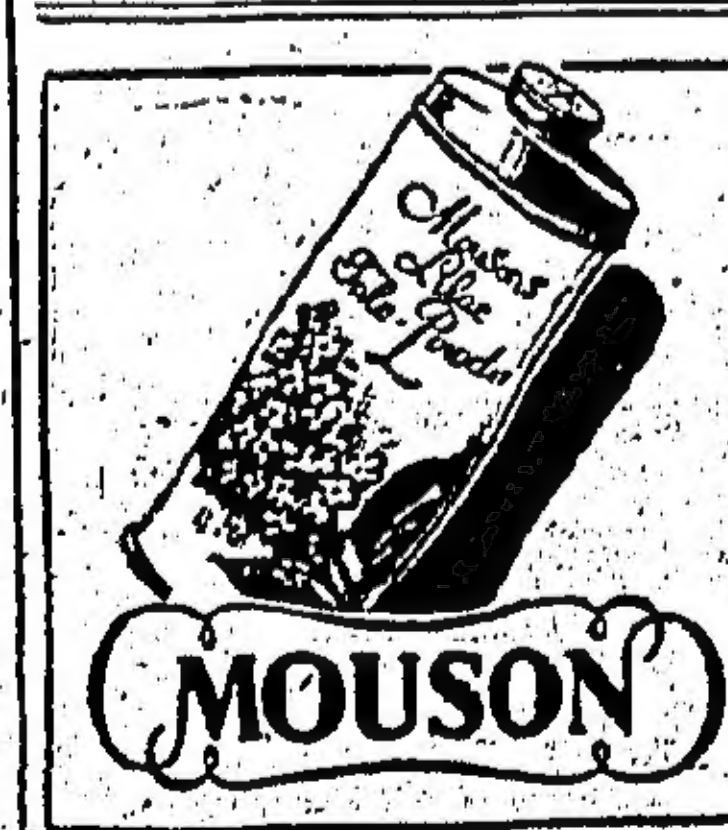
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HIS Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, chatting with Mr Everett F. Drumright, United States Consul-General, and Mrs Drumright, at the Fourth of July (Independence Day) reception. Right: Also seen at the reception—the Acting Chief Justice, Mr Justice T. J. Gould, and the Colonial Secretary, the Hon. E. B. David. (Staff Photographer)



MR Pelayo F. Llamas, Consul for the Philippines, receiving guests at the Philippines Independence Day celebration held at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce. Right: Lady Grantham photographed at the same reception with Miss Lola Young (left) and Miss Lilla Dixon, two actresses who will have starring roles in the joint Philippines-Chinese picture, "Sanda Wong," which is being filmed in Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



MR Kan Choi and Mr Wong Kwei, two Directors of the Po Leung Kuk, greeting each other at a reunion dinner of past and present Directors of the institution which took place at the China Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Minnie Teng, of the Hongkong office of British Overseas Airways Corporation, who went to London to compete in the "Miss Speedbird" contest, poses beside one of the guns in the Tower of London. London Bridge is seen in the background.



RIGHT: Two pictures taken at the Canadian Club's Dominion Day dance at the Peninsula Hotel. Top: Mr R. G. Dunlop, President of the Club, greeting guests. Bottom: Dr and Mrs Ernest To with Mrs Linda Roberts. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the dinner given by Mr and Mrs A. D. Gulab at the India Club for their son, Mr D. Gulab, Jr (fourth from left), before his departure from the Colony. (Staff Photographer)





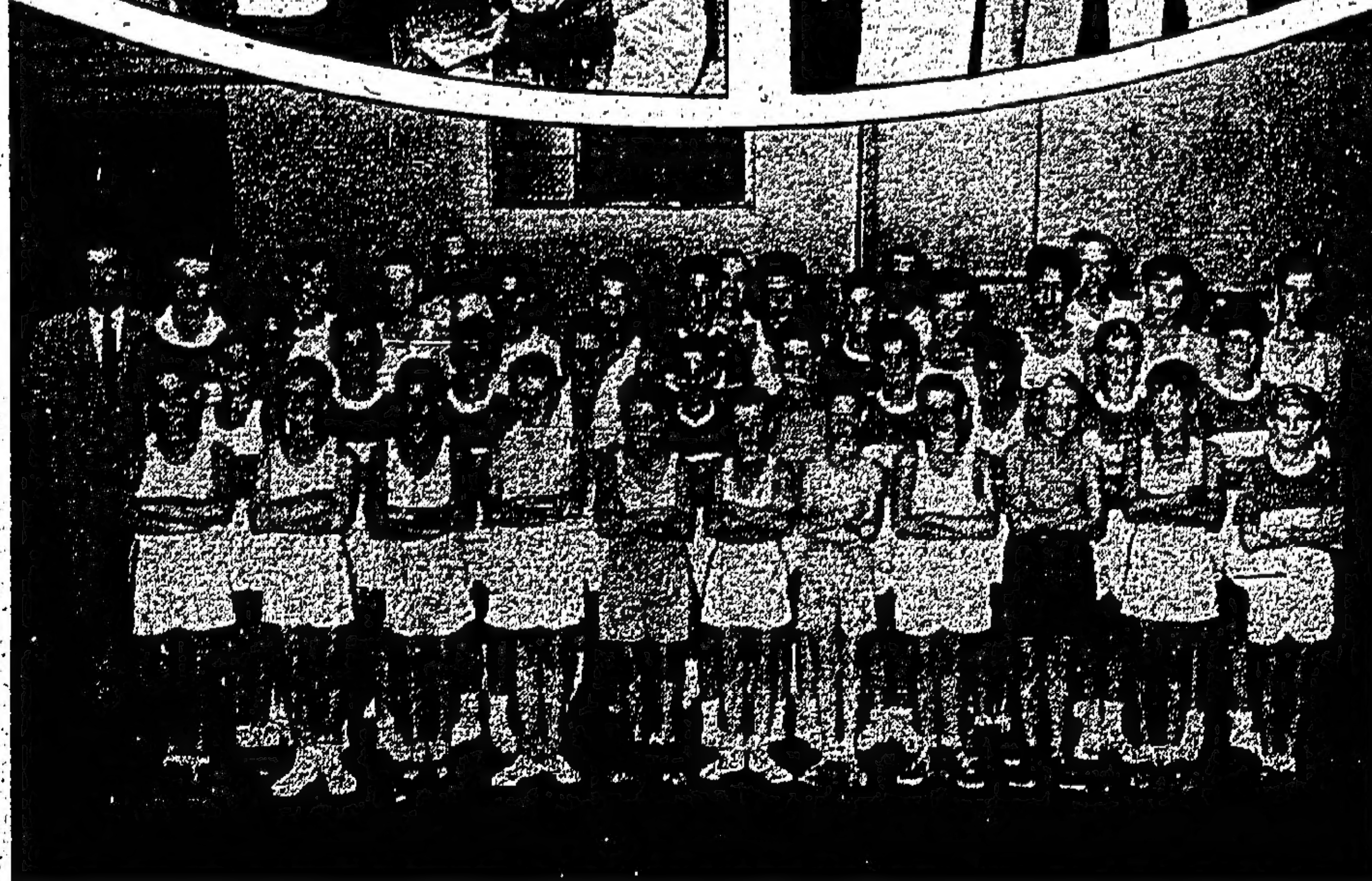
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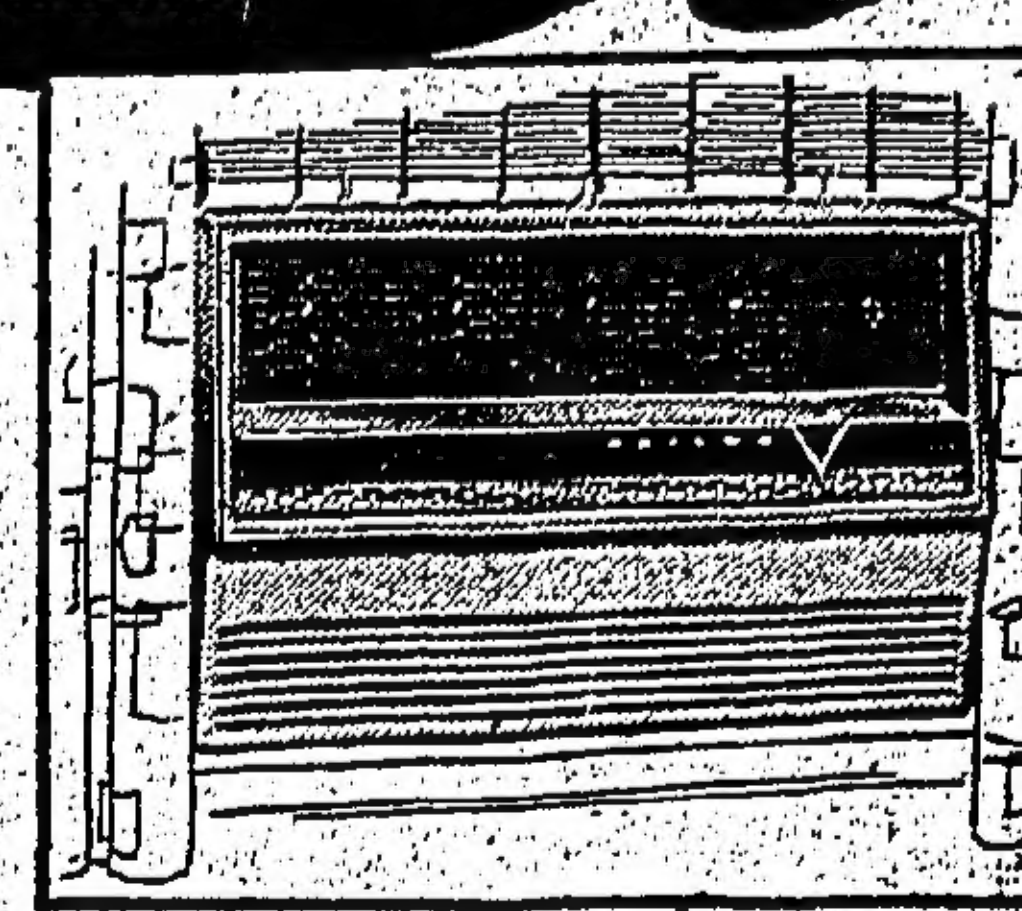
THE large number of volunteers from King George V School, Gan Club Hill School, St George's School and Minden Row School who took part in the Schoolboys' Boxing Smoker held at the Missions to Seamen recently. They provided an excellent evening's entertainment for a large audience.

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# HONG-KONG

citizens crowd the new Queen's Pier to hear the Band of the Republic of Korea

Naval Squadron which called at Hong-kong this week on an operational visit. Right: Officers and ratings of the ROK Navy lined up at the Cenotaph before the laying of a wreath by Commodore Lee Hi-jung. (Staff Photographer)



THE Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan, recently awarded the OBE by Her Majesty the Queen, received the congratulations of members of the North Point Kaitong Welfare Advancement Association at a dinner party held at the Metropole Restaurant on Tuesday. Mr Ngan, who is President of the Association, thanking his hosts. (Staff Photographer)



MR Duncan Mcl. Campbell (right), Superintendent Engineer of the China Navigation Co., Ltd., who is retiring, seen at a party at the offices of Messrs Butterfield and Swire when the Hon. J. A. Blackwood (left) made a presentation to him from his colleagues. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Children of Salvation Army schools taking part in the street march last Saturday to celebrate "Founder's Day" and to launch a new evangelical campaign. In lower picture, one of the seven new Salvation Army cadets commissioned this week, Mr P. K. Kong, receiving credentials from Lt-Col. F.E. Jewkes. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Sir Robert Ho Tung, who left this week by air for London to receive the Accolade of the KBE from Her Majesty the Queen, bids goodbye to well-wishers at Kai Tak Airport before emplaning. (Staff Photographer)

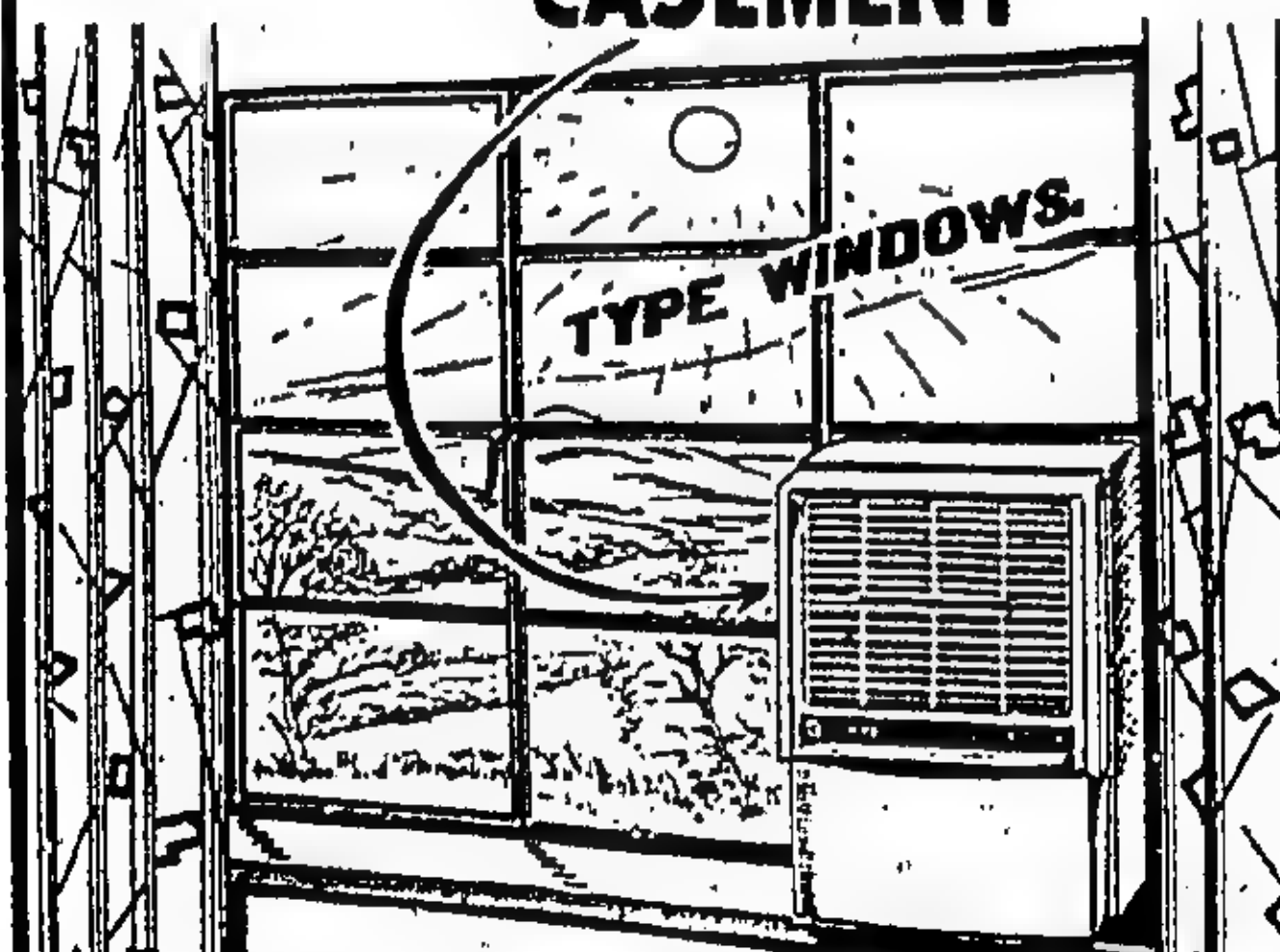


The Hon. Con O'Neill, Britain's new Charge d'Affaires in Peking, (centre), left by train to take up his post on Thursday. He is seen before departure with Mr P. G. Dalton (right) and Mr L. B. Trevor. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Little Miss Emily Kong receiving a prize from Mrs B. J. M. Monks at the annual speech day of the Diocesan Preparatory School on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



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AT the conclusion of the annual swimming sports of Gun Club Hill School, Group Captain J. F. Newman presenting prizes to the winners. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: The Rev. Fr. Ambrosio Poletti congratulated by the Italian Consul-General, Dr Guido Rolli, after being presented with the Insignia of Knighthood of the Italian Republic. Fr Poletti has won wide recognition for his humanitarian work for missionaries and other refugees from China. (Staff Photographer)

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## PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## SOME FIX-IT PROJECTS

By Eleanor Ross

IN her own wardrobe, as well as in the rest of her domain, it's the little things that try the patience of the housewife. But with a few simple tricks, her lot can be made easier.

Can't afford a new hat? The old one can be made to look like new. First, look at the veil. If the veil looks wilted, it will detract from your appearance—no matter how well the hat becomes you.

## TO FRESHEN A VEIL

To make it look fresh, cover it with waxed paper, then go over it lightly with a steam iron. Steaming over a kettle is a good restorative, too.

To spot-clean hats of straw, fabric, pique, lace or silk, use carbon tetrachloride, as most designers and hat workrooms do. The trick here is not to soak a piece of clean gauze with the liquid but just to dampen it. Using too much of the cleaning liquid will mean that the dirt will liquefy and sink like a dye into the material, leaving it worse than before. So, with a lightly moistened gauze pad, start from the centre of the spot or stain and work outward lightly beyond its edges.

Do the work in a well-ventilated room. Give felt hats a good brushing, if very stained or

matted. Rub gently with very fine grained sandpaper—No. 00, if it is available—then brush carefully to fluff out the pile.

Treat new hats with care. Never, never neglect to fill the crowns with tissue paper and softly arrange the veil over a layer of tissue paper, too. Curved brims should be plumped out with tissue paper and the hat placed carefully in a hat box.

Household aids that make life simple for you, will give better service if you give them a little care.

Place mats, serve their purpose well but are difficult to store.

Try fastening a 6-inch spring clamp inside a kitchen closet door and hang the mats from it. The spring action makes it easy to remove and replace the mats and prevents edges from cracking or bending. Use it for the mats you use every day.

## BRASS AND METAL

Most brass objects are covered with a clear lacquer to prevent tarnishing. Eventually, the lacquer wears off and then it becomes necessary to remove the entire film. Wear rubber gloves for this chore and apply the solution with a brush or cloth.

To make the solution, use 8 oz. caustic soda to a half gallon of water plus a little soap. This will soften the coating so that it is easily rubbed off.

After removing the film, rinse brass piece with cold water. Then polish clean surface with any standard metal polish. Rinse and dry thoroughly.

Next apply a thin coating of a good transparent lacquer with a pressurized spray can. Two coats may be needed. But for articles that are handled often, wax may prove a better protection than lacquer. It's much easier to remove, too.



FOR this luncheon—one leaning Italian-wards—Eileen Ascroft and I invited Diana Churchill, the actress, Mary Reynolds, a member of a Cookery Club, with Leslie Hardern, founder and chairman of Television's Inventors' Club, to select the wines. The idea is, of course, to prepare and give the sort of meal needed on a Special Occasion where normal budgeting does not count for so much.

As on the first occasion, the preparation of the main parts of the first course took place well in advance; the sweet was made an hour or two before the meal; leaving the main course to receive attention just before the guests arrived. Again, too, our guests were an unknown quantity as far as food and wine were concerned, so Mr Hardern and I decided on a slightly different plan.

If you remember, we came a slight cropper on our choice of sweet and wine at our first lunch. Two of the women guests found this last wine much too sweet and one preferred cheese to a sweet in any case. So this time we agreed to have no wine with the sweet and to follow the Continental custom of serving the cheese after the main course, with the sweet to follow it. This worked out well.

## The aperitifs

For our aperitifs, Mr Hardern chose a rich vermouth which, I am pleased to say, was greatly appreciated by our guests.

I myself found it a little bitter at first, but quickly liked it, too—much, I think, to his relief. He knows his Italian wines as few British people do, for not only is he a gourmet but he also lived in Italy. This particular vermouth—Purt e Mes (Carpano)—cost 25s. a bottle, but should be charged against the meal at 12s. 6d. because there was half a bottle left.

## The menu

Purt e Mes (Carpano)  
Valpolicella  
Uova Sode col Sprinacci  
(Stuffed eggs)  
Pomodori col Tonno  
(Stuffed tomatoes)

Chianti Rufino  
Scaloppine al Marsala  
(Escalopes of veal)  
Zucchini Trifolati al Sale  
(Baby vegetable marrow)  
Tagliatelle al Burro  
(Noodles)

Framagione  
(Gorgonzola and Bel Paese)  
Zabaglione  
Coffee

The halved, hard-boiled eggs were filled with a mixture of the sieved yolks, sieved spinach, cottage cheese and grated

Farmesan, flavoured with grated from the giblets and bones of the previous week's chicken and stored in the refrigerator, quickly reduced them to a nice essence and poured it over the veal in the platter.

The unpurged baby marrow was sliced and fried in butter. Fortunately, all my guests decided to have just a touch of garlic with them and, of course, I gave them a nice sprinkling of chopped parsley.

The Valpolicella, a dryish red wine was chosen because it was light and fragrant, a complement to the first course. Every-one liked it very much.

## Escalopes of veal

For these I went to my favourite Continental butcher, who cuts the meat from the leg of veal in thin slanting slices. He flattened these out still further with the side of his cleaver. The five escalopes cost me 10s. 6d.

I tried them on both sides, quickly in butter and transferred them to a heated platter. To the pan I added a little marsala and chicken stock (saved

## MISS CHURCHILL takes the recipe home . . .



## HELEN BURKE

holds the second of her lunches for the hostess who wishes to be different. This time she tries the Italian Touch...and something different with the wine.

Around the table: Diana Churchill, Leslie Hardern, Helen Burke, Mary Reynolds and Eileen Ascroft.

what the Italians call an oil, dense state—that is, chewable, of course), I allowed one egg yolk and added one extra, making six egg yolks in all. For each guest I allowed a good teaspoon of sugar and a half egg shell of Marsala (which is approximately a spirit measure). To the lot I added a tiny pinch of salt. I beat these in a bowl, just enough to mix them, placed the bowl over a pan of hot water, but not touching the water, and whisked and whisked until the eggs had swollen to almost three times their original bulk.

The Chianti Rufino needs no explaining. To many of us, it is a supreme Italian red wine. We all applauded its choice, especially as it also went so well with the cheese—a fat Gorgonzola, which the ladies did not take, and the Bel Paese, which they did.

## Zabaglione

The Zabaglione, a favourite, I believe, with men and women alike, is one of the "safest" sweets we can serve. Diana Churchill, whose favourite it is, was particularly pleased with it. I served it cold, and it seems, she can no longer get it cold elsewhere. Here is the recipe which I gave her:

## Tagliatelle

These are noodles ¼ in. wide. I boiled them in lots of salted water, just long enough to soften them, but still leave them in

For each guest (and ourselves, of course), I allowed one egg yolk and added one extra, making six egg yolks in all. For each guest I allowed a good teaspoon of sugar and a half egg shell of Marsala (which is approximately a spirit measure). To the lot I added a tiny pinch of salt. I beat these in a bowl, just enough to mix them, placed the bowl over a pan of hot water, but not touching the water, and whisked and whisked until the eggs had swollen to almost three times their original bulk.

As I wanted to serve this sweet cold, I then stood the bowl in a pan of cold water, reaching halfway up the bowl, surrounded it with ice cubes and beat again until the mixture was cold. Into it, finally, I beat ¼ pint cream and 2 teaspoons good margarine, first whipped until the whole lot was a trail. With the zabaglione I served "Tuffles," which I call vanilla wafers.

As there was marsala in both the veal dish and the sweet, you

## VERDICT

by Diana Churchill

● The lunch surprised me. It was so light, yet so sustaining. I must say the vermouth was a bit too bitter for me, although once it was down it felt much more pleasant.

● I am one of those people who know nothing about wines except whether I like them or not—and Mr Hardern seemed to have the most astonishing ability for choosing what I like.

● But it was the Zabaglione that made the lunch for me. Served cold, it was sheer perfection. Now that I have the recipe I am ready to spring this sweet on my husband. We're rivals in the kitchen but he will find it difficult to beat this.

can see how important it was to break the sequence of the flavour with the cheese.

## Dry Wine Adds Zest To Barbecue Sauce

Want to give the gourmet touch to barbecue sauce? Try adding wine, preferably one of the dry whites. Here's one recipe, developed by the test kitchens for the Bordeaux wine producers.

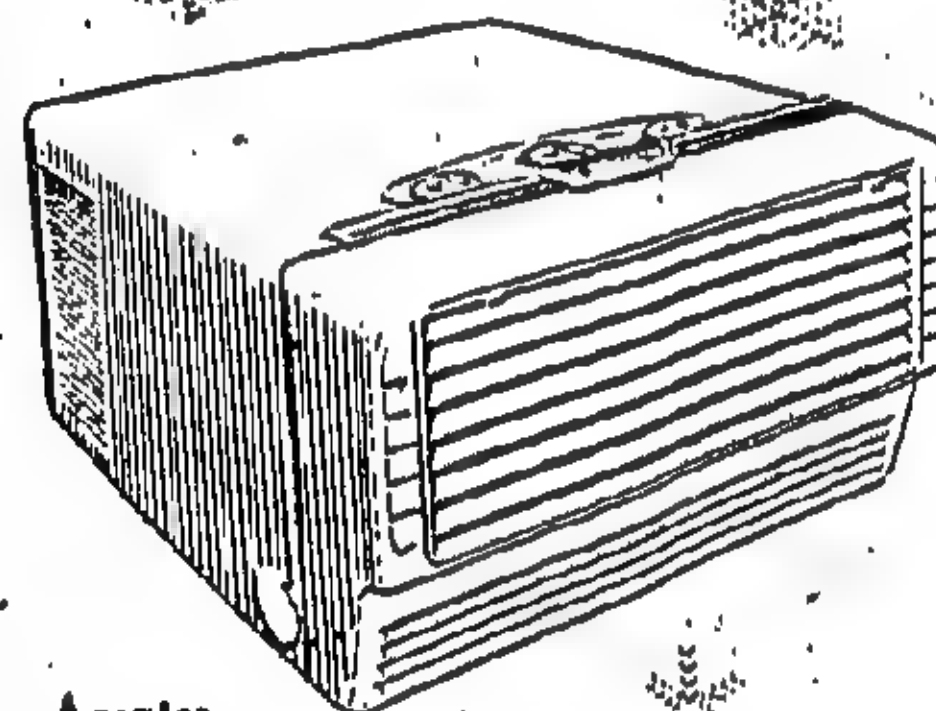
½ cup. Bordeaux dry white wine; ¼ cup salad oil; 1 teaspoon vinegar; ½ cup minced onion; 1 teaspoon salt; ½ teaspoon pepper; 1 teaspoon dry mustard; ¼ teaspoon rosemary and clove of garlic, split in half.

Combine all ingredients, stirring until the salt dissolves. Let stand overnight. Remove the garlic. Use over steaks, chops and any other red meat. Yield, 3-1/3 cups.—United Press.



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## Fabrics Play A New Role In Home Decoration

NEW YORK. FABRICS are playing a brand new role in home decorating.

Once used primarily for curtains, draperies and slipcovers, they now help to control light, heat, sound and ventilation, to conceal flaws in architecture, to serve as room dividers, even as "frames" for pictures.

The versatility of "curtain goods" was stressed at a recent model room exhibit of the Celanese Corporation of America. The 24 rooms were decorated by John and Elaine Brice, a young New York industrial design team.

## NOISE CONTROL

The Brices said noise control is one of the major problems in decorating today's homes, usually smaller, lighter in construction and filled with such "noise-makers" as radio, television and high-fidelity sets.

One solution to the noise problem: cover the whole wall with fabric, which tones down as it decorates. The Brices showed a living room wall of built-in book shelves, TV set and built-in curio, of printed fortan and rayon fabric.

Another room—this one housing a grand piano—featured wall covering from floor to ceiling. The top of the covering was of cafe length sheer curtains, to admit light through high strip windows, combined with heavier standard length drapery panels to cover the hard surface of the wall and improve sound absorption.

## AS SHADES

New for light and sun control are fabric window shades, rigged like bamboo shades, to raise and lower.

To conceal a poorly finished wall above a bed, the Brices hung a quilted fabric panel from floor to ceiling the width of the bed, then repeated the fabric in a bedspread.

Washable fabric also is used to make slat blinds which open and close vertically, rather than like the venetian kind.

Good idea any homemaker can do herself. Let a panel of fabric act as "frame" for a dozen or so prints. The Brices showed a panel of pale pink cotton acetate—measuring approximately four by six feet—attached to brass rods at top and bottom. Various size prints, many of them colour photographs, were clipped from magazines, were pasted to the panel with rubber cement.

## French Hip-Length Sports Sweater

Materials:—10 (11) (12) ozs. Emu Botany 3 ply Fingering in White, 5 (5) (6) ozs. Emu Botany 4 ply Fingering in Black, 3 (4) (5) ozs. Emu Botany 2 ply Fingering in White, 1 pair each of No. 11 and 14 Knitting Needles, 29 (30) (31) inch open end zip.

Measurements:—Bust: 34 inches, 36 inches, 38 inches. Length: 28 inches, 27 inches, 28 inches. Sleeve seam: 18 inches, 18 inches, 18 inches.

Tension: 9½ sts. and 9½ rows to 1 sq. inch over pattern.

Abbreviations:—K, knit; p, purl; st(s) stitch(es); ins. inches; dec. decrease; beg. beginning; tog. together; w. white; b. black.

Note: These instructions are given in three sizes, stitches and measurements for the smallest size being given in the ordinary way and stitches and measurements for the larger sizes being bracketed in the following spaces.

## BACK

Using two No. 14 needles and 2 ply wool, cast on 122 (122) (202) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Make a hem by picking up 182 (182) (202) loops from cast on edge with a spare needle, then laying this needle behind, rib 1 stitch from each needle together all along the row. Change to No. 11 needles and 3 ply wool.

1st row. (wrong side) x P. 2, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, rep. from x to last 2 sts., p. 2.

2nd row. K. 2, join in black wool, x k. 1, b. k. 1, w. k. 1, b. k. 2, w. rep. from x to end.

3rd row. x P. 2, b. p. 1, w. p. 1, b. p. 1, w. rep. from x to last 2 sts., p. 2, b.

4th row. Using white wool, x k. 2, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, rep. from last 2 sts., p. 2.

Rows 1 to 4 complete pattern. Continue in pattern until work measures 15 (15½) (18) ins.

Shape Armholes: Dec. 1 stitch at both ends of next and every following alternate row until 158 (164) (170) sts. remain. Continue in pattern on these sts. until work measures 26 (27) (28) ins. from beg.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off 11 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows and 11 (12) (13) sts. at beg. of following 2 rows. Cast off remaining 70 (74) (78) sts. for back neck.

## RIGHT FRONT

Using two No. 14 needles and 2 ply wool, cast on 72 (77) (82) sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Make a hem as in instructions for back. Change to No. 11 needles and 3 ply wool and proceed in pattern as given for back until work measures 15 (15½) (18) inches from beg.

Shape Armhole: Decrease 1 stitch at armhole edge on next and every following alternate row until 60 (63) (66) sts. remain. Continue on these sts. until work measures 26 (27) (28) ins. from beg. ending at side edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 11 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows and 11 (12) (13) sts. at beg. of following alternate row. Work 1 row and cast off remaining 16 (18) (20) sts. for neck.

## LEFT FRONT

Work as instructions for Right Front, working all shapings at the opposite end of the row.

## SLEEVES

Using a back stitch seam, join shoulders. Using No. 11 needles and 3 ply wool knit up 217



(227) (237) sts. Now work in for 4 ins. Cast off. Double pattern as given in instructions neck band on to wrong side and for back, decreasing 1 stitch at hem to pick up edge.

FRONT BANDS (2) Left Front: Right side of work facing, using No. 14 needles and 2 ply wool, knit up 280 (290) (300) sts. from top of neck band to base of rib and (13) (2), (k. 2 tog., k. 1 (1) work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 4 ins. Cast off. For Right Front band (15) (5), Change to No. 14 pick up sts. from base of rib to neck band and 2 ply wool, top of neck band.

TO COMPLETE Pin off each piece of garment to correct measurements and press with a warm iron, over a damp cloth. Turn front bands and sleeve cuffs on to wrong side and seam to pick up edge or commencement of rib. Sew zip into position down centre front.

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## A Plea By Sir Beverley Baxter, M.P.

## LADIES, MAKE YOUR MEN DRESS UP!

THREE or four weeks ago I was the guest of the Licensed Victuallers' Association on the occasion of their annual dinner in London. Some six hundred men sat down to eat and drink—and every one of the gallant six hundred was either in white tie and tails or black tie and dinner jacket. It was a goodly sight, and even those of us who were doomed to make speeches felt a sense of occasion. This was London. This was the centre of the world—and we looked it!

Some time there ought to be a committee of enquiry set up to find at what stage in man's development he began to take second place to women in the matter of costume and adornment. Certainly it was not the intention of Nature. The plumage of the male bird is always more gorgeous than the female.

Look back on the vibrant days of the sixteenth century when the first Elizabeth was on the throne. Men were not content to be mere soldiers, or squires or bankers; they had to be poets, musicians and even actors as well. And they dressed to the part. It was an age of wit, daring and elegance.

## NOT DEAD

NOR is that spirit wholly dead today. A few months ago I went to the Guildhall to see Mr. St. Laurent, the Canadian Prime Minister, made a Freeman of the City of London. The Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs were in their robes, and the whole scene was a stimulating riot of colour. Thank heaven the plague of creeping common sense has not dimmed the ancient glory of the City of London.

Look at Covent Garden Opera House today, and compare it even with so recent a regime as when Sir Thomas Beecham gave us opera through the fortune from the family pills. A man could not sit in the stalls unless he was in full evening dress. Even the dinner jacket was taboo.

As for Ascot, the fellow who went into the Royal Enclosure without a grey top hat was looked upon as a pariah. And certainly if he could afford to pay £10

Yet you may be certain that he will have taken a shower before changing. If cleanliness is next to godliness, then the American is half way to Heaven.

Now comes the paradox. If there is an all-male Chamber of Commerce or Kiwanis dinner he will put on a dinner jacket which, for some inexplicable reason, he always wears at a function where ladies are not present. This is indeed gallantry in reverse—which is very odd, because the American man is the ardent slave of the American woman.

For a moment let us come back to the islands and travel north to Scotland. There perhaps we can find the last outpost of sartorial civilisation. On the least pretext, or none, the Scot will don his full regalia—and how splendid he is! Not for him the slithering monotony of the chug-chug dances which we have imported from America. He does the reel, leaping into the air with baroque shouts and whirling about in magnificent abandon.

Not very long ago I was admitted into the Macmillan Clan because of Scottish ancestry on my father's side. To my shame I must confess that I have not yet worn the kilt, but some of those days I will plunge. But how splendid are the Scots in their regalia! No wonder they remain unconquerable. No wonder they have played so mighty a role in building up the British Empire. The Scot refuses to allow himself to be lost in the grey averageness of English life.

## A LEGACY

THERE was however, one unfortunate legacy. When peace came the drabness of wartime was continued. No longer did the "carriage trade" (as they were once called) dress for the theatre. In appearance, London had become the largest provincial town in the world.

Now this, I claim, is bad business. London is not only the capital of England but it is the greatest metropolis in the world. Americans and Canadians, loaded with dollars, come in their thousands each year to enjoy the wonders of what Robert Louis Stevenson called the Great Baghdad of the West. And we who are Londoners should play our part in dressing to the occasion.

But what happens now? A friend of mine wore tails and a white tie to Covent Garden recently and he told me the only recognition he got was from people who, in the intervals, asked him where the washroom was. They knew he must be an official of some kind or he would not be wearing that uniform.

Perhaps it is the American influence upon us. The American male is, of course, the worst dressed person in the civilised world. Watch him and his wife in New York arriving at "21," or the Colony Restaurant or any of these expensive, swaggy places. His wife has a mink coat, a saucy hat, and she is shod and stockinged to perfection.

## PARADOX

BEHIND her walks her husband, with a gangster's fedora on the back of his head, and a loose shapely overcoat with his hands in his pockets. He looks, in fact, like nothing so much as an escort to a female at Capone.

Nor does he alter his habits in the evening. If he decides to take his wife to the theatre (or more likely if she decides) he puts on another business suit.

THE British hydrogen bomb now being developed at Aldermaston, Berks, is believed to be superior to anything the Americans have yet devised.

It is more ingenious in design, cheaper to produce and easier to carry in an aircraft. Sir William Penney and his team have hit on an idea—far removed from the H-bomb as originally conceived—which could save the Americans millions of dollars. It is tragic that because the Americans will not agree to complete interchange of atomic information with Britain they cannot be let into the secret.

Yet it does mean that if Sir Anthony Eden has to take a tough line with the Russians at the "summit" talks at Geneva he will not be shaking his fist from behind America's skirts.

Britain is now a front-rank atomic power in her own right with facilities for producing different weapons of terrifying force.

When Sir Anthony talks with Marshal Bulganin, he will be the first Prime Minister to feel really confident that the massed manpower of the Red Army could be held east of the Rhine.

Atoms And Empire

AGAIN, mainly through the genius of Penney, Britain has a rapidly growing stockpile of tactical atomic bombs designed for use against troops on the battlefield.

During their most triumphant phase the Russians based their strategy on the conviction that the West had no effective counter to the Red Army.

Now, with tactical bombs in the hands of formidable defence forces, Western Europe is no longer a sitting duck for a surprise Soviet attack. The Russians know that a thrust by the Red Army could be held long enough for Soviet cities to be devastated by H-bombing.

Atomic armaments cannot be made without a plentiful supply of uranium. Here again Sir Anthony will argue from commanding strength: for while the Allies have access to fabulous supplies of uranium there is strong evidence that the Russians are short of it.

In the Erzgebirge mountains in East Germany the Russians are working "dry pockets" of poor-grade ore. In contrast, vast new strikes of rich uranium ore have been discovered in Canada and Australia.

The atom has enormously enhanced the importance of the Empire. Without Empire uranium Britain would be a second-rate power.

The Russians know that even if Britain were destroyed in a surprise attack, retaliation would descend on Soviet cities from Empire bases equipped with atomic weapons.

tendency for guests to wear their everyday clothes to these parties. It may well be that some Members of Parliament may not be able to afford the hire of such a costume, and in such a case there can be no possible criticism.

Yet I have seen certain members of Parliament, when the expense would mean nothing, turning up in their work-day costume. This is rank bad manners and nothing else. This is brandishing democracy in the very face of paganism. This is ostentation in reverse. But if a masonic function these same men wear the appropriate livery and would be ashamed to do otherwise.

For many years I was a London dramatic critic, and of course, a first night is something of a social event. We critics do not pay for our seats and the least we can do, in return, is to wear formal evening dress. Yet many of my professional colleagues do to such thing. There is no excuse for them. They are well paid and they have plenty of time to change their clothes.

The people in the cheaper seats in the galleries enjoy seeing and smartly dressed men. I know this for a fact, and there is no jealousy or envy about it. To dress for the opera, the ballet or the play is to pay a compliment to the artists. They give of their best, and by our dress, we should show our respect.

## FIRST NIGHTS

I AM well aware that among my readers there are people from every walk of life, including the well-to-do, the medium income group, and those who cannot afford the fineries and trappings of dress. There, for my criticism is directed only towards those who are able to wear formal dress but simply will not bother.

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TRADITION

MY house in London is within a quarter mile of Lord's. Any afternoon just now I can sit in my garden and hear a mighty din; shout and cheer of the County of England or one of the County of Essex scores a run. And twenty minutes later there is a second shout that shatters the heavens as another run is scored. And all across the countryside the grand old game goes on.

But one thing is certain. Wherever the game is played—to vast crowds or only to one small boy and a dog—the ritual of dress is maintained. White flannels and a white shirt, against the melting green of the grass, take the Harrow match is played at Lord's, and all morning from the windows of my house we can see motor cars being parked while potteramas in morning coat and top hat climb on with his "other plain wife, plus two long-legged daughters and a small boy with a top hat and a straw hat.

## ROMANCE

At the end of the day the middle income man comes home from his office or factory or store. He is tired and almost groggy. He thinks that he and his wife have tickets for the theatre. The fact that his wife has not been out all day does not occur to him, if by chance he gives it any thought. But if he has a bath and changes into evening dress, and if he pours himself a drink, he is suddenly as fresh as a cat. The years fall away. His conversation is lively, and he feels a sense, even though it be slight, of elegance. As for his wife, the household cares fade into the gathering twilight and she is almost like a girl going moving in the theatre to a ball. To him she looks prettier than seemed possible. And when they leave the house there is adventure and romance in the air.

Now I must change, for I have to go to an all-male dinner. What a pity! When dusk comes and early evening cast its spell the thoughts of men turn lightly and rightly to women. As it was in the beginning so it will be until the end.

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POCKET CARTOON  
by OSBERT LANCASTER

ANTIC HAY. By Aldous Huxley. Penguin. 2s. 6d. 254 pages.

THIRTY-TWO years divide Aldous Huxley from the writing of "Antic Hay," now reissued with nine other Huxley books in paper-covered form.

In 1923 he was a tall, thin young man down from Eton and Balliol, with a burden of almost unbearable erudition and a reputation of dazzling brilliance. His

were the epigrams, the limericks, the conversation that was most in the mode. He was immensely precocious, inordinately up to date.

The newest hint from the biologists' laboratories, the latest whisper from the consulting rooms of the psycho-analysts, the baroque architect or Renaissance painter who was just coming into favour—every Mr Huxley had heard of them before anybody else. And, of course, knew far more about them. Wasn't the Encyclopedia Britannica his favourite bedside reading?

In those days he was still the young man who called on Osbert Sitwell in hospital and bewitched the ward by remarking: "From his usual conduct, one must presume that Every Octopus has read Ovid on Love." One could safely presume that Huxley had—and many other works on the same subject—as well.

For Love—that is, Sex—was coming into fashion just then, and Huxley had pounced on it with his prehensile mind, inspected it with horrified fascination as if it were something novel and slightly sinister that had turned up under a microscope—and put it into his novels.

For example, into "Antic Hay."

There the novelist's mood is still one of forcible enjoyment. The writing is precise and elegant. It is witty and uncomfortable, generous, compared with Huxley the satirist, Waugh seems a literary butterfly.

More important, the novel is profoundly inventive; human—there is tenderness in the portrait of the hero's father, a dear old-fashioned atheist watching the starlings as they manoeuvre over his square in Paddington—humorous.

Theodore Gumbrell, B.A. (Oxon), is saved from his life as a schoolmaster by a happy inspiration which comes while he is sitting on the hard wooden seat in the school chapel—pneumatic trousers, bringing comfort to those with under-

nourished hams—Gumbrell's Patent Small-clothes—"For prayer, Gumbrell reflected, there would be Dunlop knees."

He takes the idea to his tailor, the philosophical Mr Bojanus, a figure Dickens might have drawn. ("When the revolution comes, it won't be the owning of a little money that'll get a man into trouble. It'll be his class-habits, Mr Gumbrell.")

Mr Bojanus consents to make a pair of the new trousers, for demonstration purposes, but take a share in the project? "It wouldn't do for my client, I fear, Mr Gumbrell."

Thanks to his invention ("maximum efficiency with minimum bulge"), Gumbrell is able to launch into society these follow encounters with characters like—

Mr Mercapton, the "civilised man," whose snout face is so strangely at variance with his precious little boudoir; Casimir Lyplatt, artist, bad poet and tormented titan; Shearwater, a physiologist who neglects his little wife, Rosie.

Rosie sees herself as a Great Lady, above moral prejudices, extending her "favors" to selected lovers until her eyes are opened by Coleman, a bearded, blasphemous satyr who drives his mistress Zoe in front of him with light taps on her haunches with his stick, like a farmer on the way to market.

It is an astounding world into which Huxley takes us: something between a menagerie and a freak show, populated by vivid parodies of human beings, whose doings are slightly insane, and highly immoral, whose talk caricatures.

How fascinating it was in 1923; how likely to shock! The combination of erudition, style and scientific detachment from morals—it could only use. But the time and Huxley's later development have shown the air of detachment was deceptive. Behind the precision there was passion. The elegance was serious-minded. Huxley did not after all belong to the Age of Reason. Behind the grinning masks of his puppets, there peeped out already an irrational melancholy which, with the

years, deepened into something like disgust with humanity.

Today, at sixty, Huxley is less hilariously creative than when he first dashed across the London sky; there is less zest behind his savagery. Where Coleman, in "Antic Hay," quotes the Church Fathers against Sex, the later Huxley seems to be asleep in those writers.

Sex is one of those disagreeable reminders—smells are another—that man, who can write prose and admire Bach, is attached to something rather beastly called a body.

The wit who turns devout, like the rake who enters a monastery, is a traditionally figure. But Huxley has preached disgust with the world without reaching the peace of the cloister. He has withdrawn instead into experiments with Eastern philosophies and American drugs. He has become something of a mystic without acquiring a religion.

He has withdrawn from Europe, withdrawn from most of America. The ruthless, inquisitive, exploratory author of "Antic Hay" and "Those Barren Leaves" lives on a mountain 6,000 feet high, 100 miles from Los Angeles. And he is not on the telephone.

He has removed himself from the follies and the fun of mankind. If his work has gained in wisdom, it has lost in haemoglobin.

REST OF THE  
NEW BOOKS

OVER THE BRIDGE, by Richard Church. Heinemann. 18s. 231 pages.

A CHILDHOOD spent in Battersea. The opening years of the century, as seen by a sensitive little boy growing up in a lower middle-class home. A book which may be missed because its tones are so quiet, yet deserves attention for graphic truth and sincerity.

THE NARROW SMILE, by Peter Mayne. Murray. 18s. 264 pages.

THE Pathans of modern Faidan can be seen through the eyes of an observant, humorous Englishman. Mayne wrote The Alleys of Marrakesh.

## PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT  
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

AM, THE A very British week in Britain: The Britishness began to manifest itself down at Southend when a Norwich man and his wife, tired of strolling the pier in the rain, booked themselves a ride on a "mystery coach"—one of those rides where you pay your money and insist on not being told where you're going.

Naturally, they launched a thorough protest later on, insisting on the right of every free-born Englishman to be protected from this sort of thing. But, while they were being taken for a ride, they kept a stiff upper lip. "We spent the day in Norwich cattle market to avoid meeting friends," the man reported ruefully.

Meanwhile, in Clarges, Lady Melchet was reporting on the joys, 1955 style, of being an aristocrat. "No doubt about it," she said, "troughing it is enormous fun."

As she said it she pointed disdainfully at the Clarges carpets. "Thick carpets just irritate me these days," she said. In Salisbury, a local reporter, struck by a special commission, went out to visit a special constable, pointedly, one gathers, searching for the soul of the nation.

The national soul, apparently, is in good shape. "My position is such," said the constable, "that I have only to go up to either of the two villages in my area, and anything that should not be going on stops."

Frustrating for the Sunday newspapers, that, but still... FLAT CHESTS. Television and the movies may be responsible for round shoulders; flat chests and poor muscular development in children, according to a specialist who runs a school for unmanageable youngsters in Nottingham.

Dr Ronald Sprenger says that before the increased tendency of a boy to be entertained, "he created his own amusements and in doing so he ran off his superfluous energy, had no time to mope, and as a result generally showed a better physique, better appetite and more joie de vivre."

EASTWARD BOUND. The Russian Embassy in East Berlin is being besieged by West Germans wanting visas to travel to Moscow. Special Post Office vans take sacks full of applications only to the Embassy.

Officials say the requests come mainly from reporters and football fans. More than one thousand soccer enthusiasts have already asked for visas for a match in

Moscow on August 21. On that day a West German team plays the Dynamo.

Reporters, all from West Berlin and West Germany, want to go to Moscow for Adenauer's meeting with Marshal Bulganin in September. The Russians have let it be known they want to arrange a meeting with "some important West German officials" to discuss visas for both the Adenauer-Bulganin meeting and the football match.

Meanwhile, they are being more polite than at any time since the war. Officials personally (30 all) applicants: "Please wait. We do not know yet what we are to do. We have asked for instructions and we will let you know as soon as possible."

BRANDED British babies will get the bottoms-up treatment in the future if hospitals accept the latest device for keeping track of them. At the British Instrument Industries Exhibition one firm is showing a machine which will brand babies' bottoms with an invisible ultra-violet number.

The apparatus beams the ultra-violet light through a stencil for ten seconds, and if there is any dispute about the number, the parent's number will show up under fluorescent light. Under natural light the brand will not show.

CALL FOR ROSES. There are four closely-packed pages of people named Rose in the London telephone directory and every one of them will get a phone call next week.

They will be asked to contribute anything from money to sack of coal, a length of rope in aid of the charities supported by the "Rose of England" ball to be staged later this month.

And if the Roses don't come through, the next list to be attacked will be the Thorns. The statue of the most famous suffragette of them all, which has had an honoured spot in the gardens, is being moved to another position to make room for a sculpture of six men most people have never heard of.

M.P. Jean Mann, faithful to her sex, leaped to her feet in the House of Commons and demanded to know why Mrs Pankhurst was being replaced

by the six burghers of Calais, who offered to give themselves up if England's Edward III would spare their town in 1347.

Minister of Works, Nigel Birch, replied that he had discussed the matter with the six burghers of Calais and had done his best to remove their apprehension. Replied Mrs Mann: "They wish a definite assurance that there will be no more pushing around of Mrs Pankhurst."

"I have given that assurance," Mr Birch said.

FOOD FOR BRASS bandsmen in the Essex town of Chelmsford, have told the carnival committee that if they want cornish in the tubs "comph-fa" they will have to see the bandsmen get a good square meal.

Last year the bandsmen complained that after an eight-hour programme, which included two miles of marching, they were given only a cup of tea, a sandwich and a cake.

"Blowing a tuba or a trombone is hard work and a man needs a square meal to see him through," says Albert Dickerson, the bandsman of the group, which is sponsored by the local corporation council.

Arguing that they want no more trouble with the local band, the council has booked the band of the famous Coldstream Guards for this year's festivities.

Said Councillor Thomas Hughes: "We shall see to it that the Guardsmen get a good square meal."

PASSING A teacher in a boys' school in Nottingham is encouraging the passing of notes amongst his pupils. The notes, which contain such cryptic messages as "4 X 8 = 3 X 7", are an ingenious method of teaching the harmonica instituted by music teacher Norman Pearson.

The messages are actually mouth organ music of popular tunes. The number is the hole on the harmonica and an X means "quick." Where there is no X the player blows.

Only unhappy persons are the parents. Says Pearson: "Parents stop me in the streets to say that the mouth organs are driving them crazy."

VILLAGE. The Nottinghamshire village of Bulcote, which now has the same population (189) it had in William the Conqueror's time (that was in the eleventh century) has started a fight to keep it that way.

The hamlet has no shops, no school, no post office, not even a pub. And its people were shocked when a farmer called Charlie Leighton announced he was going to start a caravan camp there.

Charlie Leighton, 72, struck trouble first with the Planning Authority. It turned down his idea.

When Charlie appealed against the Planning Authority's decision, village representatives turned out to object to Charlie's appeal. Charlie told them: "There will be no gipsies or scallywags." But nobody wanted to hear. Decision will be made known later.

SLOT-MACHINE Marriage by ROMANCE

the latest way of attempting to solve the boy-meets-girl problem in Germany. Slot-machines—all of them located in railway stations—will now dispense you the facts on 12 lonely members of the opposite sex for approximately 30 cents.

For your money you get 12 envelopes containing a code number and description of the romance seeker. When you have made your choice you write to the agency quoting the code number of the man or woman you want to meet.

30-HOUR WEEK. The 30-hour week is a "quite conceivable" goal in the not too distant future. B. R. Williams, a professor of economics told the Institution of Production Engineers at a conference in Margate.

The shorter working week will be brought about by the age of automatic production he said and "if automatic control and operation in factories is economic as already in some fields it is, it must increase output per man."

A WIRE A "man" who went loose back at an Ipswich fair didn't cause any panic among visitors—they thought it was a great joke. The man was "Charlie," a six foot one inch robot, who caused a sensation as a municipal exhibition by speaking gibberish and winking at all the ladies.

When someone asked him the time, he replied: "Cauliflower."

Officials who came to Charlie's rescue found he had a wire loose in his complicated "brain," which was short-circuiting and causing all the trouble.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

## Contest Fidgets

BY HARRY WEINERT





# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

## Gladys Young In Comedy By Jean Anouilh

The romantic comedy "Leocadia" by Jean Anouilh, translated and adapted for radio by Patricia Moyes, can be heard in "Wednesday Theatre", this week at 9.15. The cast includes Gladys Young, Dorothy Gordon and Peter Wyngarde, and music has been specially written for this adaptation by John Hotchkiss.

One critic has described the play as "wildly funny and genuinely moving, moon-touched and then mocking, tender, ironical and farcical by turns; in short, a little masterpiece."

The hero of the play is an innocent young Prince whose unhappiness springs from his romantic memories of an opera singer, Leocadia, who accidentally strangles herself.

His doting aunt, the Duchess, collects together in her park all those things that will help him to remember his brief romance - the night club where he and Leocadia drank champagne, the orchestra that played their favourite waltz, the inn where they talked together, and the park bench where they sat.

She also acquires a little milliner from Paris, Amanda, to play the part of Leocadia, and for three days, the Prince lives his romance over again. The play is produced for the BBC by Raymond Raikes.

### VARIETY

On Wednesday evening, at 7.15, listeners to Radio Hongkong can hear a programme by the versatile artist and comedienne, Jenny Howard, who was in Hongkong for a short time recently, and who recorded two programmes while she was here.

Jenny Howard first broadcast from station 2LO - the original BBC studios at Savoy Hill.

She has played principal part in pantomime in London, and all over England, and at the beginning of the war, Jenny Howard and her partner, Percy King, gave the first troop show of the war at Preston, Lancashire.

Later in the war Miss Howard went to France with the first British Expeditionary Force, and since the war has travelled all over Australia, and even up to Korea with shows for the troops.

In her programme on Wednesday evening Miss Howard is accompanied at the piano by Vic Christobal and the introductions are made by Percy King.

### MY WELSH CHILDHOOD

Trefor Davies, who talks about "My Welsh Childhood" on Friday evening at 8.40, is at present a steward on one of the liners calling regularly at Hongkong - though in his varied career he has done many jobs.

Listeners may remember that on one of his previous visits he broadcast a talk about the Hyde Park soap box orators.

In the talk to be broadcast on Friday he tells about a community of three hundred odd souls - some of them older than others - souls which were wrestled for by a Vicar who loved cricket, a Baptist minister who loved baptising, and a Calvinistic Methodist who kept bees.

### RECITAL

Lau Mok, the well known harmonica player in Hongkong, will be giving a recital from the Concert Hall on Wednesday evening at 9 p.m.

Although Lau Mok has been broadcasting over the Chinese station of Radio Hongkong since 1948, this is his first broadcast from ZBW.

His first public recital was given in 1951 at the YMCA, and since then he has given concerts at Queen's College and the Grantham Training College.

Lau Mok will be accompanied as he usually is, by the well known pianist, Harry Oro, who has been accompanying him, has also helped him with his interpretation of classical music.

For his recital on Wednesday, he has chosen to play "Sonata No. 6 in E major," by Beethoven, "Dance Espagnole" by Granados, arranged by Kreisler, and "Fraser's Serenade" by Kreisler.

### THIS WEEK

This week, at 7.30 p.m., tonight, includes an Independence Day message by the Vice-President of the Republic of the Philippines, M. Carlos Garcia, an interview with Jenny Howard and Percy King on their stage experiences, and a comedy sketch by the British Columbia television plans by Noel Barber, and an interview with Mrs. Pauli Mesia.

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 850 kilocycles per second and on 5940 kilocycles, 76.15 metres.)

Francher: The Rev. G. M. Stevenson.

11.30 MEMORIES IN SONG. RISE STEVENS (MEZZO-SOPRANO). Old Irish Air: Daisy Boy, Smiles through: Criss Song: All thro' the Night - with RCA Victor Orch., conducted by Milton Katims.

11.45 LONDON STUDIO CONCERT. The BBC New Opera Orchestra. Conductor: John Hopkins.

12.15 p.m. STUDIO: SPORTS TIME. PROGRAMME SUMMARY. CLUBS AND VARIETY HIGHLIGHTS.

12.30 MAMBO in the moonlight - Ted Heath and his Music with the Johnston Brothers and Duncan Campbell: I wonder - with chorus: I'll never be the same - Jane Frooman (vocal) with Orch. conducted by Sid Feller: The Sand and the Sea: Darling Je Vous Aime: Beaucaud: Nat "King" Cole (vocal) with orch. and chorus, conducted by Nelson Riddle: Oh! My belovedaddy - Ralph Marterie and his Orch. with Peasano-Al Martino (vocal) with chorus: How important can it be? - Sarafel Vaughan (vocal). Hello Mrs Jones is Mary there - Vic Damone (vocal): Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom - with chorus: The Woodpecker Song - The Gaylords (vocal).

1.00 TIME SIGNAL. "CRAZY OTTO" AND HIS FUNNY KEYBOARD. Smiles: My Manoholy Baby: Rec of Washington Square: Lights Out: Glad Rag Doll: Puddin' Madeline: Shine.

1.15 NEWS, WEATHER REPORT AND SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

1.30 AFTERNOON CONCERT. The Barber of Seville - Overture (Rossini) - Orchestra Symphonique de la Radiodiffusion Nationale, Paris, conducted by Franz Andrieu. Concerto in Brazilian Form for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 104, No. 2 (Makel Travels) - Felicia Blumenthal (Piano), with the Symphony Orch., conducted by Anatole Piatoulet.

2.00 STUDIO: HOSPITAL REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary.

3.00 EDUCATING ARCHIE. With Peter Brough and Archie Andrews.

3.30 STUDIO: HOME REQUESTS. Presented by Hilary.

4.00 GUILTY PARTY. A problem of experts solve a problem set by Edward J. Nasson.

4.30 HARRY PARRY'S RECORD. A serial in seven episodes by David Stringer.

5.00 THE SUNDAY CONCERT. Bonno and Julie - Fantasy Overture (Tchaikovsky) - Van Beethoven conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra Symphonique No. 2 (Makel Travels) - Felicia Blumenthal (Piano), with the Symphony Orch., conducted by Anatole Piatoulet.

5.30 FAMILIAR THEMES FROM OPERA AND BALLET. Barber of Seville (Rossini): Faust (Gounod): La Boheme (Puccini): Gioiello (Verdi) - orch., conducted by Robert Shaw.

6.00 TIME SIGNAL AND PROGRAMME SUMMARY.

6.30 STUDIO: UNIT REQUESTS. Calhoun: 21 H. A. A. Regt. R.A. 7.00 p.m. "JULIE BOX."

7.30 "THIS WEEK" and interviews on some of the week's events in and out of Hongkong.

7.50 WEATHER REPORT. 8.00 TIME SIGNAL AND THE NEWS (LONDON RELAY).

8.05 COMMENTARY (LONDON RELAY) OR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

8.15 EVENING STAR - IMPERIO ARGENTINA (VOCAL). Voltaire: Dana: No. 5: El Duque Naci: Yo su Corazon.

8.30 FORCES' FAVOURITES (LONDON RELAY).

9.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. Studio: Sports CavalCADE. Produced by Brit Young. Presented by John Wallace.

9.30 ECHOES OF THE THEATRE. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. The Pel Mambo No. 100 - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 10.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 10.30 ECHOES OF THE THEATRE. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 11.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 11.30 ECHOES OF THE THEATRE. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 12.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 12.30 ECHOES OF THE THEATRE. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 1.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 1.30 ECHOES OF THE THEATRE. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 2.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 2.30 ECHOES OF THE THEATRE. El Bailar de Don Juan - Noel Chabouat and his Orch. 3.00 TAKE YOUR PARTNERS. 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## It's Men Like Pirie And Miller Who Make The Sports

Says DESMOND HACKETT

Gordon Pirie again sets his critics snarling and making use of unfriendly words ranging from the coldly dignified "braggart" down to the colloquial "big head."

And all because Gordon Pirie let it be known after Frank Sando and Ken Norris had run the three miles in 13 mins. 29.8 secs.—34 secs. outside the world peak—that he, Gordon Pirie, could and would do much better.

The athletics chief dismissed this candid comment with a shrug. "Ah well, you know Gordon Pirie." Of course, I know Gordon Pirie—and so do millions more, not only in these sporting isles, but all over the world because Pirie happens to be that rarity, a personality.

### REJOICE.

The crowd love a personality. They will leave their warm firesides, the occasional sun-baked days in the garden, to rejoice over the presence of personality. How I applaud Australia's Keith Miller—no characterless cricketer when in his new book "Cricket: Typhoon" he bluntly says that people want to watch cricketers behaving like human beings: that they dearly love to chuckle over their antics.

How happily I agree with Keith Miller when he hits out at officials who frown on these human touches: when he gleefully belittles bowlers "the parade of self-pride and self-

importance that so many of our cricket administrators present to the world."

Get this straight. We do not want untalented exhibitionists.

Lovable, unforgettable, wee Alex James loved to hear the crowd laugh. Yet he was still a gem of genius we shall never see again.

The golf galleries flocked to see Norman Von Nida hurl clubs, caddies, and vitriolic remarks with bold indiscretion, but the Atomic Von was also a golfer.

Maxie Baer, was a clouting clown—but he was also world champion.

### REGIMENTED

These names made good news at the box office. It is only because of the Pirie and Chataways that soaring gate receipts are also included among the athletic records being broken week by week.

Football is going down and down as sadly as a relegated team because players are being regimented into one uninspired pattern of anonymity.

Our football bosses dislike personalities. In these saddened Soccer days our touring players give the impression of a jolly decent Rover Scouts' outing.

### DRAINAGE

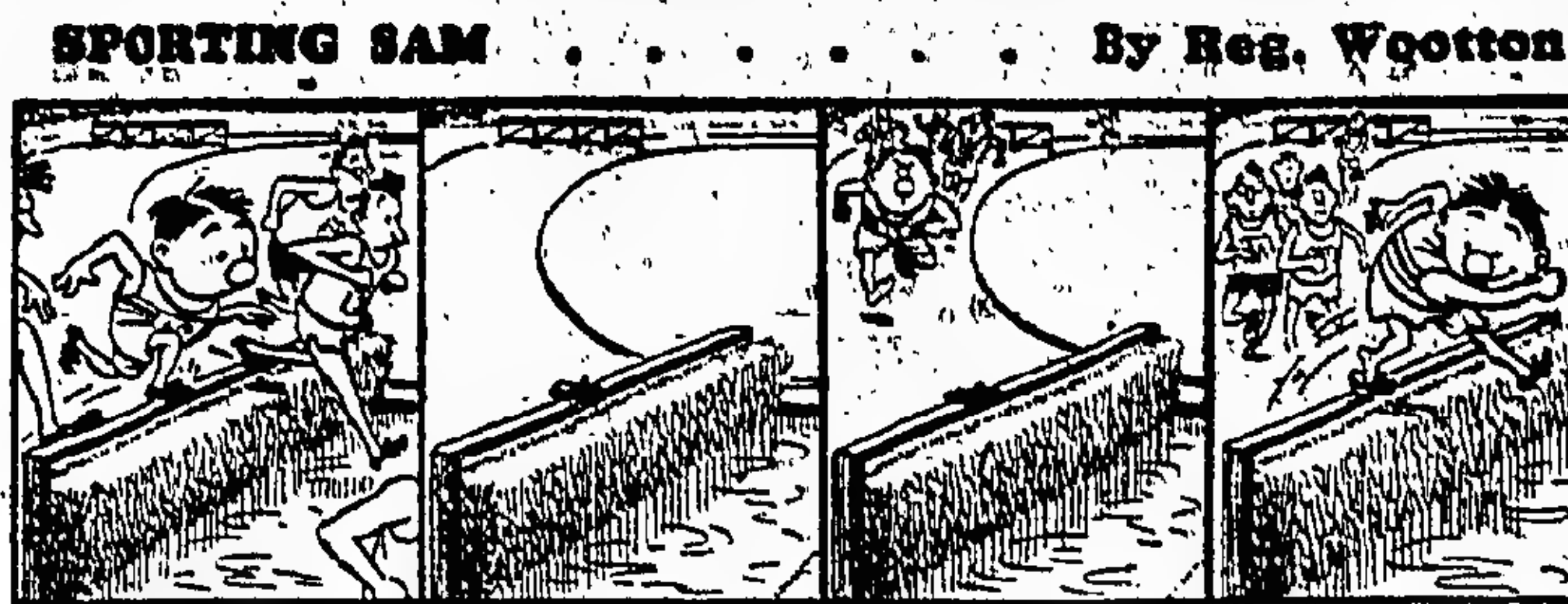
The old pranking, flamboyant crusades are over. And of course, we read this drainages in the rest of the world.

The crowd want something above the dullness of strength and acquired ability. Blow the old starched collar spillovers. Stand up and cheer for the Piries, the Truemanes, the Matthews, the Figgotts, the whole rollicking joy-creating crew.

## SPORTS QUIZ

- What is the record first-wicket partnership in first class cricket and who holds it?
- Who was the first (a) Men's and (b) Women's seed to be beaten in the 1955 Wimbledon singles tournaments?
- Wimbledon nationalities: From what country do the following come (a) Alfred Hubbock, (b) Gil Shea (c) Enrique Morea (d) Darlene Hard?
- Anagrams. Sort out these famous personalities (a) EIRACH OERMO: NJAS OATBORR.
- What do the R's stand for in the names of these three Test cricketers: William R. Endean, Keith R. Miller, Raymond R. Lindwall?
- Disguised personality. He played international ice-hockey; has just taken part in an international competition for a different sport; has changed his nationality since the war. Who is he? When may a moving ball be struck in (a) billiards (b) golf?
- What is the world 100 yard record and which two men hold it?
- Who was the only boxer to hold three world titles at the same time?
- Who are the reigning English Football League Champions, and who hold the F.A. Cup?

(Answers See Page 17)



## It's Time That The HKLBA Acquired Its Own Greens

Says "TOUCHER"

Since the Colony Open Championships began a couple of weeks ago, I have heard one question raised every now and again, and that is "Why cannot the Hongkong Lawn Bowls Association have its own greens?" It is a very pertinent query and merits due consideration by the Association. Hongkong has advanced far into the field of international competition in various forms of sports in the past few years, but only in lawn bowls and, to a certain extent, in table tennis has the Colony gained international honours.

The Colony came very near winning the Rink event at the Empire Games in Vancouver and in all the other events showed a standard well at par with the other lawn bowling countries of the world.

With another Empire Games celebration approaching, another opportunity will be afforded the Colony's bowlers of putting Hongkong on the map of international sports.

It will be a great pity if that opportunity were to be thrown away for lack of facilities—because there is no doubt that such a lack of facilities.

A number of clubs—Indian Recreation Club, Hongkong Cricket Club, Craigmower Cricket Club, Police Recreation Club—have to close their greens during the winter months to give way to cricket and a great number of local bowlers are obliged to store away their woods during these months on account of inability to find a green to play on.

It is a well-known fact that every year the Management Committee of the Association finds it extremely difficult to run the Colony Open Championships smoothly and according to schedule.

The Committee has to depend on the generosity of the various clubs in the Colony for loan of their greens, and like beggars they cannot often be choosers.

Many a time bowlers are heard to complain that they are victims of unfairness in having to play on unsuitable greens, forgetting that even the unsuitable greens have been made available "only" through the generosity of their owners.

It is felt, therefore, that it is high time that the Association consider the possibility of acquiring a piece of the lawn in the newly reclaimed area for the purpose of laying, say, three full-sized lawn bowls greens.

NOT UNREASONABLE The request will not be an unreasonable one for a number of reasons. In the first place, it will give more pleasure to more people per square foot of area.

## Sports Diary

### TODAY

First Division: Rec "W" v Rec "B"; PRC v KBGC; FC v CCC; IRC v IRC.

Second Division: KDC v KCC; PRC v PRC; KBGC v KBGC; PRC v PRC.

Baseball: Summer League: Braves v U.S. Navy at 4.30 p.m.

### TOMORROW

Baseball: Liberation Shield: KCC v KBGC at 3.45 p.m.

Baseball: Overseas "Red" v Overseas "Blue" at 10.30 a.m.

than soccer or tennis. A full-sized green is only 44 yards square, and on one green so few than 48 players can be accommodated. From the point of scenic beauty, moreover, whatever will be interfered with as the lawn will certainly have to be kept in perfect condition all the time.

Details for initial outlay, maintenance, etc. could be worked out between the Association and the Government, but there is no doubt that the laying of such greens will not only prove a great boon to a number of bowlers in the Colony, but also afford the Colony an excellent facility for improving the standard of the game.

A greater number of competitions could be organised, as, for example, a "Championship of Club Champions" to improve the standard of the Singles game.

TODAY'S MATCHES "Back to solid earth, we come back to the League matches this afternoon, as they enter their second round.

In the first Division, Kowloon Cricket Club, with a lead of 4½ points over Recro "Blues", enjoy a bye, and interest will be focussed on the Recro "Whites" v Recro "Blues" match.

Although the "Whites" managed to take one point from their more reputed clubmates in the first match, they will be up against a more improved and a more settled team this afternoon, and much as one would like to prod on the underdogs, I cannot see the Whites getting away even with one point this afternoon.

Next in line for the title is Craigmower Cricket Club, who will probably have a slightly harder time against the Filipino Club at King's Park in their attempt to garner full points.

Both Coates' and Bradbury's fours have withstood some very strong opposition up to now and can be depended upon to win both their games.

It is in their third four that the Valley Club has been rather shaky since the departure of Joe Landolt and the four have again been reshuffled for this afternoon's match. Fred Madar comes in as skip, with George Souza as No. 2, George Madar as No. 3 and C. C. Ma as lead.

The odds are definitely in favour of the Valley Club, but there is a good chance, of the Filipinos snatching one point from this game.

The intra-club affair between the IRC "Blues" and IRC "Gold" should end up much the same way as the Recro Whites versus Recro Blues match.

From the point of closeness of competition, the match between PRC and KBGC should be the best of the day in the First Division. The custodians of the law sprang a major surprise in the first match when they handed the Bowling Club a 4-1 defeat on the KBGC green.

Playing on their own greens this afternoon will be a decided advantage for the greenskeepers and there is every likelihood of their repeating their 4-1 triumph over their guests this afternoon.

LIVELIER AFFAIRS The Second Division matches are livelier affairs. Top-placed

Kowloon Dock Club will take on Kowloon Cricket Club on their Hungnam green. If their first encounter were to serve as any criterion of what is coming this afternoon, the dockmen will have to be at their best to retain their position at the head of the League table.

In that match the Cricket Club bowlers were well on top in the aggregate until the last three heads when what looked like a 4-1 win for them went the other way.

With Talkoo, Football Club, and Craigmower well within striking distance, the dock bowlers cannot afford a defeat at this stage of the League.

They are favoured to win, but if the cricketers strike form, an upset is not unlikely.

Another battle royal in the Second Division will be that between Talkoo and Football Club. Playing on a heavy green in the first match, Talkoo suffered the mortification of a 5-0 blank at the hands of the footballers, and are all out for vengeance this afternoon.

Both are still in the running for the title, but a defeat for either of them will leave them far behind in the race. The Talkoo bowlers are playing slightly better bowls than their opponents at the moment and, if able to field full teams, look good for at least four points.

Unpredictable Hongkong Cricket Club will act as hosts to Craigmower, but whether they will be capable of giving their hosts the same reception of a 5-0 defeat they received in the first round will depend largely on their form.

The cricketers can play brilliant bowls on occasions, as evidenced by the trouncing they gave the Football Club. Lack of practice seems to be the great trouble at this time. In doubt, if they can hold their opponents to better than a 4-1 score against them.

THIRD DIVISION For the Ming Yuen bowlers, however, the match will afford them the opportunity of utter satisfaction if they can hand the dockmen their first defeat of the season.

I should give the Electricians a 40-80 chance plus my best wishes for their success.

TODAY'S GAMES First Division Recro "Whites" v Recro "Blues" PRC v KBGC FC v CCC IRC "Blues" v IRC "Gold" KCC (Bye)

Second Division KDC v KCC PRC v PRC KBGC v KBGC FC v KBGC USRC (Bye)

Third Division KCC v KBGC FC v PRC KBGC v USRC KDC v KBGC PRC (Bye)

## IT WASN'T CRICKET THAT GOT LEN HUTTON DOWN; IT WAS RESPONSIBILITY

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

The Lord's Test match has put this series against South Africa right back on the gold standard. No longer are the Springboks regarded as the poor relations. As near as a whisker they took that Second Test—and many true supporters of cricket throughout the country are just a bit sorry they didn't.

Don't take that as a crack against England. I thought young Peter May led England back magnificently to win the match, after being shot out for that miserable 133 and being 171 runs behind on first innings.

May's individual hundred was a triumph of determination for a young chap in his first big game as Supreme Commander in his own right. It showed us clearly he is made of the right stuff.

As for that fourth innings bowling performance by Brian Statham—the first seven wickets in a row for 59 and 23 overs of fast bowling in one day—why that was straight back to Typhoon Tyson's form in Australia and there's precious little any side can do about that.

Most county cricketers have a healthy respect for Tyson and admire him as the guy who comes up best in the big-time. But many also regard Brian Statham as the better bowler of the two.

The trouble with Brian is that he has been dead unlucky. My coppers from Australia assure me that he bowled magnificently throughout the last series there but time after time he not only managed to "beat the bat" but he beat the bowlers too. And in this last Test he was doing the same thing. If he had had reasonable fortune, he might easily have wiped up that last South African innings for an even smaller score.

UNENVIABLE TITLE In fact, this talented young man from Lancashire now regarded as the world's number one fast bowler, is earning the unenviable title once given to Doug Wright—the Best but Unluckiest Test Bowler in the business.

But perhaps this splendid achievement now will turn his luck. Instead of just missing the stumps, he might now start hitting them instead. If

that happens, the Springboks are in real trouble.

One thing the South Africa boys did in the Lord's Test was to re-establish themselves in the eyes of the public as a side very much better than their early form predicted—and one which may well beat England on one of these Tests if England doesn't look out.

The bowling of the 6th, 4th, Peter Heise had real zip in it. So had the off-spin of Hugh Tayfield. And if England continue to drop their catches, the batting of Roy McLean will upset many a game.

Certainly the Springboks did enough at Lord's to give the England selectors plenty to talk about at their next meeting. Sadly I feel that Don Kenyon will be out of the next team. I say sadly because I think he is a really fine batsman who has never had an atom of luck in Test cricket. But I feel his record of 186 runs in 13 innings will now be held up for scrutiny, and it will not be thought good enough for further opportunities.

Who is to take over? I gave the hint last week when I said that Len Hutton will be back. I still think he will be. I am penning these lines just after he has blasted us at Nottingham for 196. It was a magnificent innings which showed in every run of it that the great man is rapidly getting back his confidence.

He won't hesitate to play under England's new captain, Peter May. He is a big enough sportsman to take that sort of thing in his stride. And if he can consolidate what he did to us with a few more runs during

the rest of this week, I myself would not hesitate to ask him to come back and open for England at Manchester.

### NUMBER ONE BATSMAN

After all it wasn't cricket that got Len down—he was an even better batsman. And he is not the only England batsman who has felt the strain. Douglas Jardine and Freddie Brown were glad to hand over the office after only 15 Tests; even the great A.F.F. Chapman could stand it for only 17.

So why should we be so surprised that Hutton should feel the strain after 23? No, if Hutton can come back to help England, and I am sure he can, let him come back as number one batsman and leave the leadership to somebody younger and fresher like the competent Peter May.

Who else will return? I expect to see Bob Appleyard replace Freddie Titmus. Colin Cowdrey will certainly come in—probably for Ken Barrington, although I rather hope they give this last another game. Barrington's tragedy was that after playing through the real hot early spell of his last innings he was "holed out" from the first loose ball he got. It happens!

Of course, if Len doesn't play at Manchester, it would not surprise me to see Trevor Bailey pushed up once again to open with Tom Graveney.

### BOWLING CREASE

The no-balling of Freddie Tyerman in this Test has raised something of a storm back-stage—which may not blow itself out as easily or quickly as some people imagine. Apparently, the umpires' mark out a bowler well behind the bowling crease—and told him he would be no-balled if he went over it with his back foot. They did the same to Ray Lindwall because he too had a pronounced drag as he followed through.

But, frankly, I cannot see why umpires should have to improvise on the Laws of the Game. No two umpires will probably be able to decide on the same distance they want the dragging fast bowler to bowl from. And if there are differences of opinion, it can be shattering for any bowler trying to find his rhythm.

Instead of fiddling with lines behind the official ones, I feel that until the no-ball Law is changed—if it is going to be changed—all bowlers, fast or slow, should be allowed to put their right foot behind the bowling crease as they come in to deliver. After all, fast bowlers have been doing that since cricket began—or near enough.

And not only fast bowlers, too. Don't tell any umpire, but if you look at slow bowlers, as slow as anybody in the business, you would see my back foot well over the bowling crease before I let the ball go. Every other bowler in first class cricket does the same, if it comes to that.

### COACHING HINT

Are you out of batting form at the moment? If so, check up on your foot work. There lies the secret of good batting. Many good batsmen have traced out of form troubles to their feet. They've found themselves getting too slow off the mark and if you're slow you can't get into the proper position to play a good shot. So sharpen up the footwork.

## SKIPS' TABLES

### FIRST DIVISION

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	U.	D.	Pts.
					Shots		Shots		
R.F. Luz (Rec. "B")	7	8	0	1	173	108	64	—	8
B.W. Bradbury (CCC)	7	5	1	1	156	123	33	—	5½
A.B. Elliot (KCC)	8	5	0	3	189	140	49	—	5
J. McKelvie (KBGC)	7	5	0	2	147	115	32	—	5
A.E. Coates (CCC)	7	5	0	2	154	132	22	—	5
J.P.V. Ribeiro (Rec. "B")	7	5	0	2	142	129	13	—	4½
A.M. Omar (IRC "B")	6	4	1	1	145	81	54	—	4½
D. Phillips (CCC)	5	4	0	1	113	86	27	—	4½
A. Harvey (KBGC)	7	4	0	3	142	117	25	—	4
C.E. Passos (Rec. "B")	4	4	0	0	92	69	23	—	4
H.B. Dewar (PRC)	7	4	0	3	137	130	7	—	4
K. Bodle (PRC)	7	4	0	3	134	123.25	10.75	—	4
A.A. Lopes (Rec. "W")	7	4	0	3	135	151	—	6	4

### SECOND DIVISION

K. Courtney (KDC)	8	7	0	1	181	122	59	—	7
E. Greenwood (KBGC)	8	6	0	2	205	115	80	—	6
B.L. Bickford (KBGC)	8	6	0	2	188	130	48	—	6
A.B. Elliot (KCC)	8	6	0	2	185	139	46	—	6
J.H. Kimbrough (TC)	8	5	1	2	175	144	31	—	5½
R. Tey (CCC)	7	5	0	2	159	133	26	—	5
J.B. Baxter (TC)	7	5	0	2	150	125	25	—	5
W.B. Brown (TC)	8	5	0	3	182	162	20	—	5
K. Forrow (KBGC)	8	5	0	3	154	140	14	—	5
R. Hetherington (USRC)	7	4	1	2	154	121	33	—	4½
A. Sequeira (FC)	8	4	1	3	153	156	2	—	4½
W.M. McCall (KDC)	7	4	0	3	174	114	80	—	4
D. Agnew (USRC)	7	4	0	3	127	145	—	18	4
F.D. Angus (KBGC)	7	6	0	3	150	157	—	27	4

### THIRD DIVISION

R. Lapsley (KDC)	8	6	1	1	182	132	50	—	6½
A.G. Gardner (KBGC)	8	6	1	1	184	149	38	—	6½
M. McKelvie (KCC)	8	6	1	1	182	147	35	—	6½
J. Revie (KDC)	7	6	0	1	173	110	63	—	6
W. C. Higgs (POC)	7	5	0	2	163	138	25	—	5
V. Ribeiro (FC)	7	4	1	2	154	145	9	—	4½
A. Hutton (POC)	6	4	1	1	123	114	9	—	4½
L.J. McTavish (KBGC)	7	4	0	3	183	113	70	—	4
L. Cosgrove (KBGC)	5	4	0	1	110	79	31	—	4
C.E. Terry (KBGC)	6	4	0	2	136	118	18	—	4
R. Rosen (POC)	7	4	0	3	146	142	4	—	4
H. Shields (KBGC)	7	3	2	2	142	143	—	1	4
E. Champelovier (KCC)	9	4	0	2	113	125	—	12	4

### POP



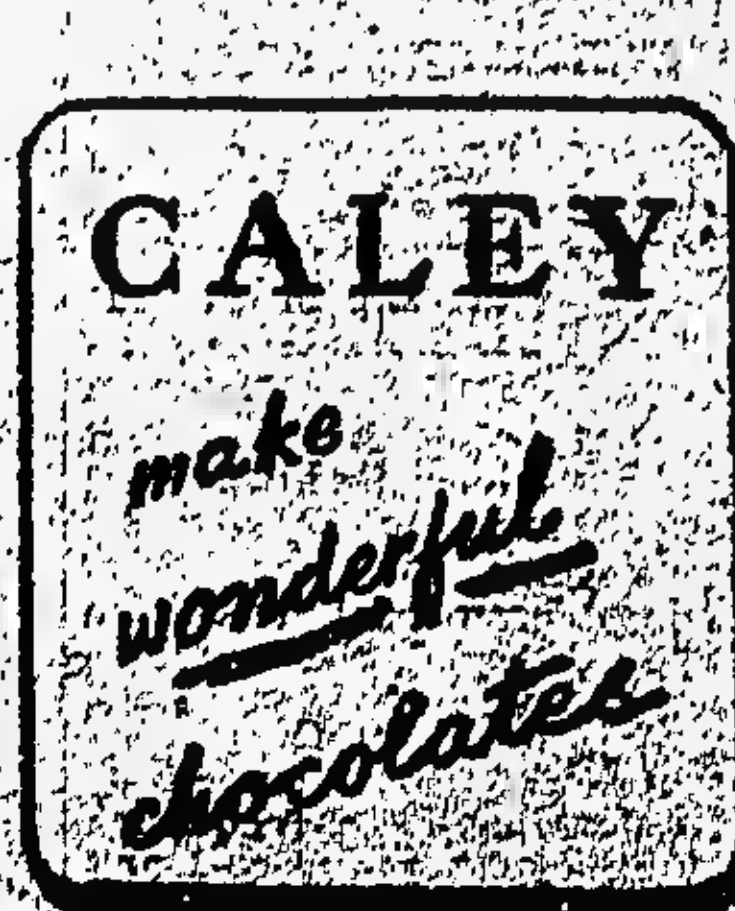
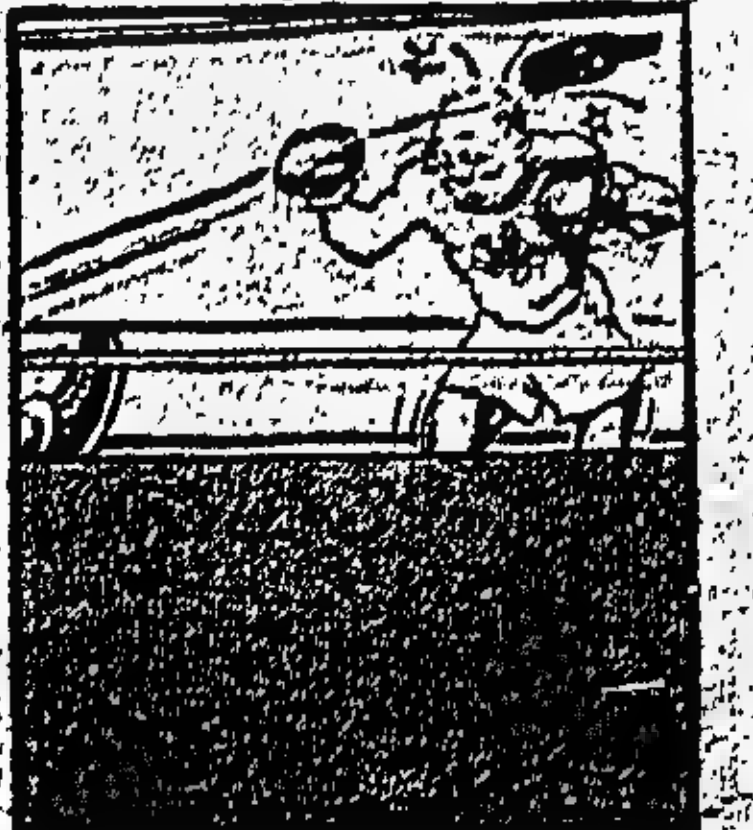
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### Punchy dialogue



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# CHINA MAIL

**SHEAFFER'S**  
*Skrip*

Page 20 SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1955.

**JOHN CLARKE'S CASEBOOK**

## Booty In The Boot

IT was evening, and George was driving his car down a side-street in the West End, when a policeman stepped from the pavement and held up his hand.

As he put his foot to the brake pedal, a great fear came upon George. "Don't be a fool," he told himself, feeling his hands beginning to tremble. "Don't be a fool. This is just some routine check, perhaps they're looking for somebody, stopping all cars."

Perhaps the number plate's not clear, or something, or he wants to look at my driving licence. It can't be anything else, how could they possibly know?"

**ILL PUT IT BACK**

GEORGE drew up to the policeman. "Nothing wrong, hope, officer," he said, trying to sound confident. He did not at all like the way the policeman seemed to be studying him.

"I've reason to suppose," the policeman said gravely, "that you've a quantity of wood in the boot of this car that you have stolen from your employer."

So the policeman said know.

"It's all off-cut," George said. "It's no good to anybody, but I'll put it back, I'll go straight away, and put it back, if that'll save everybody trouble."

But the policeman seemed not to mind in the least, being troubled. He marched round to the back of the car, opened the boot, inspected the 20 pieces of plywood there, 12 lengths of timber. About three hundred-weight of wood altogether, he reckoned.

**A PRIVATE JOB**

AT Marlborough Street next morning, George, a dapper, slightly-built man, who might have been a bank manager, but was a joiner, pleaded guilty to stealing timber valued at £6.00 from his employer.

"There are no previous convictions against this man," said the officer in charge of the case. "I should hope not," said the magistrate, Mr. Paul Bennett, VC.

"He's 49 years old," the officer went on, "and has been a widower since 1953. He has his own house, which he shares with two married sons. He's been a joiner since he was 18, and has worked for his present firm for just 10 years."

"Did he say why he did this?"

"He said he wanted the wood to do a private job."

**HOW LONG?**

THE magistrate asked George what he had to say. "Nothing," George answered. "I've pleaded guilty, there's nothing else to say."

His tone was that of a man who washes his hands of some unpleasantness that is over.

"You should know," the magistrate said, "that a person stealing from his employer commits one of the worst kinds of theft. I'm only too glad when I can deal with petty pilfering by a fine. I can't do that in this case. You must go to prison for one month."

A flush of colour mounted into George's face. Then suddenly: "What's that?" he barked. "How long did you say?"

The gaoler repeated the magistrate's words, took George by the arm, and led him out. He went off with bowed head and with his hands behind his back, as if he still could not quite comprehend how what had seemed a chance meeting in a side-street could end like this.

### BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

**CROSSWORD:**

**DOWN**  
1. BARN  
2. ORION  
3. AERA  
4. STOMP  
5. TEXAS

**ACROSS**  
1. HOMONYM: Best, best  
2. TRIANGLE: PALACE  
3. LOST  
4. ART

**WORD SQUARE:** PARSE  
1. REVEL  
2. STERN  
3. PART

**WORD CHAIN:** WILD, wild, tile, time, TAMER

**AN ATOM AMBUSH:** Northern Road, Wood Lane, East, Vale Road, passing over Old Park Bridge, Digby Hill, past the school and along the track to Digby Farm.

# Good Start For South Africans

## MCGLEW-GODDARD PARTNERSHIP DEFIES BOWLERS

Manchester, July 8. South Africa had scored 199 for four wickets at the close of play on the second day in the third cricket Test against England here today.

The sun shone on the shirt-sleeved spectators when Compton, looking refreshed, and Lock came out to continue their eighth wicket partnership of 22 this morning on the second day at Old Trafford.

Heine fielded but did not bowl and the stage seemed set for a considerable addition to the England score. The batsmen were soon off the mark with neat deflections. Then as the crowd were settling down in pleasurable anticipation of more entertaining and profitable stroke play from Compton, he was out.

**FIRST BLOW**

Adcock, bowling fast to one slip and a rully, struck the blow for the tourists in his third over at 27. A ball on the off stump lifted quickly and Compton snicked a catch off the shoulder of the bat to the wicket keeper.

Compton's long defiance of the South Africans lasted for five hours and 35 minutes and his runs, which came out of 249 included 22 fours.

The success made Adcock faster. Lock, when 10, and the total 272, was dropped by first slip, but fortunately for the South Africans, the mistake mattered little. Goddard knocked back Tyson's middle stump eight runs later, and Bedser was quickly leg-before, so England were all out for 284.

Heine, Adcock and Goddard each returned a good analysis, in an innings which extended over six and three quarters hours, fully reflecting their wholehearted and largely accurate work in conditions favourable to batsmen, as subsequent events showed, that a firm, fast pitched remained a delight to batsmen of ability.

**CONFIDENCE**

A bounce missed Goddard's head in the next over, but one could sense the South African opening pair, Bedser, who began the bowling, presented no difficulty in his early spell.

The first ball sent down by the Surrey twin was called "no-ball" by Umpire Lee and McGlew thankfully received the encouragement of a boundary, beautifully off-driven.

Bedser, at medium pace, bowled two more no-balls, both scored from, before May rested him with the uncomplimentary figures of 8 overs, no maidens, no wickets for 31 runs.

Few could have expected that South Africans would go into lunch with 60 to their credit in little over an hour.

McGlew survived an appeal for a catch at the wicket off Tyson before the interval and afterwards Goddard, facing the fast bowler looked to have a "life" at the wicket when Evans failed to hold a fast travelling ball.

The shouts of the England fielders was stifled almost as soon as they were voiced. As the local race, England supporters began to grow uneasy and they were only too ready to cheer when Bailey, with a neat save on the boundary edge, stopped a four and with the co-operation of Lock and Graveney nearly ran out Goddard.

### SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Mother is wild about those Caruso records—he was some kind of old-style crooner!"

## JAMAICAN MP WINS APPEAL

Kingston, July 8. An appeal court here ruled yesterday that a lower court acted wrongly in depriving Mr Edwin Allen, former Minister of Education in Jamaica's Labour Government, of his seat in the House of Representatives.

He lost his seat on being fined £15 on May 10 with the alternative of six weeks' imprisonment for causing an election pamphlet to be printed without stating the name of the printer or publishers.

The appeal court quashed part of the conviction dealing with the loss of his seat on grounds that Mr Allen was not a candidate for election at the time and it was not yet nomination day and he therefore did not break the election law.

Mr Cyril Salomon, QC, from Britain, was specially admitted to the local bar yesterday to enable him to handle Mr Allen's appeal.—China Mail Special.

## Fund For Poor Cricketers

Bombay, July 8. Maharaj Kumar of Vizianagaram, President of India's Cricket Board of Control, plans to start a benevolent fund for poor cricketers, he said here today.

The Maharaj, who is on his way to London for the Imperial Cricket Conference at Lords on July 14, said his Board had approved the scheme and a fund would be started by setting aside a half anna (half penny) on each ticket sold for Test matches.

"The fund would be big enough to aid cricketers, umpires and even deserving groundsmen," he added.

The Maharaj, who captained India in England in 1936, said he hoped to bring the first ever official Australian cricket team to India next winter.

Australia, who would be touring England next summer, might find it convenient to tour India on their way home, he said.

Australia will consider the proposal in September.—China Mail.

## COUNTY BATTLE ALMOST OVER

London, July 8. The County Cricket Championship battle is practically over. Surrey, who gained their 13th victory of the season today by defeating Leicestershire by five wickets at The Oval, are almost certain to take the title for the fourth successive year.

Yorkshire, their main challengers, virtually dropped out of the running following their dramatic and unexpected four-wicket defeat by lowly-placed Glamorgan at Harrogate, and are now 28 points behind the champions who have a match in hand. Surrey have 160 points from 14 games and Yorkshire 132.

Lancashire, without a match, is in third position with 92 points but Sussex move up to fourth from seventh place with 88 points after their two-day victory over Gloucestershire.

**FAILED**

Hampshire, fifth with 86 points, were within 28 runs of defeating Derbyshire at Southampton — a victory which would have established them behind Surrey and Yorkshire. Despite a brilliant 99 by West Indies Test player Roy Marshall, Hampshire failed to get the 252 runs needed in 34 hours.

Surrey, set 161 to win in 155 minutes, got home with 10 minutes of extra time to spare. The last 36 runs came in 20 minutes. Eric Bedser took seven Leicestershire second innings wickets for 33, for the best performance of his career.

Stuart Surridge, the Surrey skipper, brought off seven catches in the match—four in Leicestershire's second knock.

Thirty-year-old Jim Pease played the innings of his life in carrying Glamorgan to victory over Yorkshire.

Pease, who was joined by Jim McConnon with five men out and 188, needed, set about the weakened Yorkshire attack with such a will that in under 2½ hours he scored 102 — his first century in nine years' first class cricket — and was still unbeaten when Jim Pease made the winning hit with 20 minutes to spare.

Their last championship victory was in August '53 year.

**JENKINS VICTORY**

R. Jenkins, the former England test-player, played a big part in the victory. He took four of the wickets which fell today, and finished with a match analysis of nine for 108.

Roy Marshall, the West Indies Test star, became the first Hampshire batsman to reach 1,000 runs this season by scoring 89 against Derbyshire at Southampton. Despite his brilliant innings, which included 14 fours, Derbyshire won by 20 runs.—Reuter.

## Hongkong Bank Dividend

The Directors of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation announce that they have decided to pay an interim dividend of £2 per share, free of Hongkong Corporation Profits Tax, in respect of the year ending December 31, 1955, and £2.312,500, from the Reserve Fund, thus bringing the published Reserve Fund up to the figure of £128,000,000 (£28,000,000) at which this Fund stood prior to the capitalisation of the sum of \$5,000,000 of the Reserve Fund authorised at the Extraordinary General Meeting of shareholders held on March 11, 1955. The interim dividend will be payable on Monday, August 8, 1955, on all shares outstanding at that date.

The Transfer Books will be closed from July 22 to August 6 both days inclusive.

## Drobny Larsen In Final

London, July 8. The two top seeds of the Midlands Counties championships at Edgbaston, Birmingham, Jaroslav Drobny (Czech) and the American Art Larsen, will meet in the men's final tomorrow.

Drobny, the holder, beat Frank Gardini (Italy) by 6-2 and 7-8 while Art Larsen beat the South African, Abe Segal, 6-4, 13-11 today.—France-Press.

## CHINA'S ENTRY INTO UN No Comment From Hammarskjold

New York, July 8. Mr Dag Hammarskjold, the United Nations Secretary-General, refused today to be drawn into a controversy whether United States Government leaders have dropped their opposition to the entry of Communist China to the United Nations.

U Nu, the Burmese Prime Minister, said at United Nations headquarters on Wednesday that he had gathered the impression from talks in Washington that responsible officials there were not opposed to the seating of Communist China but regarded the question more as one of timing.

The State Department in Washington yesterday denied that there had been any change in United States opposition to the seating of the Peking Government.

Mr Hammarskjold, asked to comment on the matter at his Press conference, said: "I have seen very many comments already and I see no reason to add my own."—Reuter.

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Notice is hereby given that an Interim Dividend of £2.00 per share free of Hong Kong Corporation Profits Tax has been declared in respect of the year ending 31st December, 1955 at the rate of 1/2.27/32 per Dollar.

This Dividend will be payable on or after Monday, 8th August, at the Offices of the Corporation, where Shareholders are requested to apply for Warrants.

**THE REGISTER OF SHARES** of the Corporation will be closed from Friday, 22nd July to Saturday, 6th August, 1955 (both days inclusive) during which period no transfer of Shares can be registered.

By Order of the Board of Directors.  
**MICHAEL W. TURNER**, Chief Manager  
Hong Kong, 8th July, 1955.

## CHURCH NOTICE

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If not prepaid a booking fee of 50 cents is charged.

**DEATHS**

DEYER—At the Matilda Hospital today, Holger Dreyer, Managing Director of Dreyer and French, Aged 61. Funeral service at St. John's Cathedral tomorrow (Sunday) at 2 p.m. No flowers by request.

**FOUND**

KEY-CASE in Lower Albert Road. Apply Secretary, "S. C. M. Post."

**WANTED KNOWN**

SUMMER SALE of linen dresses and neckties of glass beads, beach-wear, dresses, jackets, bags. A few savings. Also, Peking Jewellery and French chiffons. Discount on Florio Colours from July 11 to 12, and September. Shop will be open from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. by appointment. Agnes M. Black, 30, Garden Road, Telephone 7761.

**TELEGRAMS**—retain germinal protection all the week. Telegrams, Jewellery and French chiffons. Approved by H.K. Telephone Co.

**FOR SALE**

GOOD BRAND PIANO new, original \$2,500. Now \$2,200 or offer, also one \$200. Write Penn. P.O. Box 2200, Hongkong.

## STAMPS

**STAMP ALBUMS**—"Collection Builder" series. New stock now available. St. From South China, Morning Post Ltd., 40, Queen's Road, Kowloon.

## NOTICE

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